


Maclean's

HEIR APPARENT

HOW JOE 'WHO' BECAME THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE

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the faith?



Gallup Poll

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between English ruggers and American football. The game is simple, but the rules are a bit more complicated and the field may be smaller. But first, enterprise shouldn't be confused with capitalism. It's still possible for someone to have money, to make that money and use it when an adventure of his choosing and make something of it.

Macdonald: If they really believe in free enterprise why do that nation, when they get into any kind of trouble, immediately run to Ottawa for protection?

Zimmerman: I guess you could say that Canada isn't a natural country, that the kind of protection being sought is to accommodate the fact that, if, for instance, southern Ontario were in a free market area with New England or the upper States in an economic unit I don't think anybody in southern Ontario would need any protection from anything. There are lots of areas where Canada don't really need any help at all, that there are some products that are getting hammered. We don't need any protection in mining or forestry, not in agriculture, either, or any of our natural resources. I believe that the Canadian manufacturing industry is as severe properly through government interference in the free enterprise system as well as the natural economic disadvantages such as distance, climate and the size of the domestic market.

Macdonald: Why has the government continued to act offensive against the mineral resource sector?

Zimmerman: They mismanage our profit potential. There are a few big corporations and a lot of them have a free ownership element in them so it looks as if the big boys are being put in their place. I don't think they are, but even if that were true, times and systems have effectively killed the initiative in some pretty important areas. As we're routinely asked to do, that potential is beginning to erode back.

Macdonald: Noranda's margin of profit last year was about a million dollars a week and yet that was not enough to guarantee any significant capital expansion. What would you consider to be a desirable level of savings?

Zimmerman: To put that in some perspective, you say we made a million dollars a week, which is an amazing way to express it. By the same token, that million dollars has to satisfy the six \$300 million that people think our company is worth. If all our shares turned over once a year, using your analogy, people would have been investing in Noranda \$16 million a week. But we're getting back a million dollars a week to service that. Now that's working out to be only 6% back on our investment. Our export income in 1975 as the minimum export we required to have to sustain it, the 1975 were to be repaid for one or two or more years, we could have to begin to pull in our belts in a lot of areas. The amount of money we made was just the amount of the dividend we had been paying for the

last while, about 5% or 6% in market value of our stock, which was twice the amount paid out for exploration, we spent something over \$20 million on exploration. When you're manufacturing a plant that's worth two billion dollars you really just have to generate enough money to service it.

Macdonald: How do you feel about progress? Noranda's sales are \$1.6 billion, which is large by Canadian standards. Is there some question as to how far they can go, or is it in the more long-term future?

Zimmerman: Rights happen in a lot of ways and takes a lot of forms. I have the feeling that in a company such as ours we have to be more decentralized, so that we can create business units that are of a size in which employees can become identified. I think there is a danger in becoming too monolithic. I don't think the Ottawas



BLAKENEY'S TAKE-OVER OF POTASH: IT'S IMMORAL, DISHONEST, AND IT'S FRUITLESS

business has any corner on red tape. I'm sure a lot of big companies here just as much. The one thing that big men don't do is doubt in that it provides security. A sort of Lohan blanket that people can cling to; they can get through a tough period—like Macdonald's language. If Macdonald weren't so big enough you couldn't have Macdonald's language, and if we weren't big enough we couldn't have some of the things which we have.

Macdonald: What about progress? Noranda is one of the companies whose progress are being extrapolated by Saskatchewan

are you agree with President Blakeney? **Zimmerman:** I think it's unusual. It's dishonest. And it's fruitless. In addition, it's going to be expensive for the people of Saskatchewan. Along with the other companies, we were critical to go in there by a provincial government. We were in through very difficult circumstances in good faith and took a long time to develop the industry. The industry just really got going nicely when the province put in the reserve tax and then the additional royalty levy. It has only just intimidated the companies. They are virtually profitless organizations which operate somewhere around 4% or less on the investments they have. And now Premier Allan Blakeney says that he's going to take them over and he's going to do it at great profit to the people of Saskatchewan. Period. His only way out in the end will be to go some kind of cartel, to set high enough prices to satisfy his investment, which is an enormous way to play the game.

Macdonald: What about Noranda's new business venture in Chile?

Zimmerman: The deal in Chile has been greatly overblown. What we've agreed to do there is to begin to develop a big new major copper property, but we are in no way committed to anything at this stage.

Macdonald: I thought you were not ever expanding overseas further.

Zimmerman: You that's correct, but that's against the study it's an area that some people are sensitive about. Church groups have talked to us and they are concerned, but we support what they view as an acceptable region, but that remains to be seen. We don't know enough about it. At the moment they seem to be restoring order to the Chilean economy in a way that is acceptable to a lot of the people.

Macdonald: How do you feel about the preponderance of U.S. investment here?

Zimmerman: There are some elements of real danger in foreign investment of the kind that we have had in fact have been encouraging in Canada. One of the dangers is that you become a special-interest province in a larger organization and independent that can be overtaken by some interests or technology. Then you have a plant that nobody wants and you are out of business.

Macdonald: What kind of discipline would you like to see in place?

Zimmerman: I don't know whether you can legislate these kinds of things. I don't anybody to give me a long-term definition of "significant benefit to Canada." For example, as the Foreign Investment Review Agency is attempting to do. I am inclined to think that the right direction for the multinational game is the way our company has done it with Canada Wire and Cable where we're taking a minority interest with majority of Canadian share we operate. That way you cover all these problems, because if something doesn't accord with what, say, Venezuela or Mexico want then they can tell you.

Macdonald: Where do you perceive that?



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Zimmerman: Oh we do in Mexico, Colombia, Dominican Republic, Venezuela, Spain, Australia, New Zealand. There are 13 countries involved.

Maclean: How do you feel about construction of the Marlene Valley pipeline?

Zimmerman: My own personal view is that the whole pipeline argument divides itself in two ways. One is the construction and the operation of it, the other is should we be doing something with that resource or shouldn't we? I think history generally supports the fact that you're better to use what you've got where you've got it because it may be overtaken by alternate technology and there you would have wasted it. You know, suddenly I tell power becomes the thing as to be power not otherwise.

Maclean: But do you believe the Marlene Valley pipeline should be built?

Zimmerman: Assuming that the construction problem can be handled, yes, I think it should be built. Why not? It's a serious project, really. We don't argue with trans-Canada, we argue with trans-rainbow across borders.

Maclean: I remember Bob Thompson, the former Social Credit leader, once saying that the Americans are not best friends whether we like it or not. How do you feel about Canadian-American relations?

Zimmerman: I was at a meeting of the Canadian American Committee in Dallas recently, and you know it's becoming embarrassing to be a Canadian. The Americans just think we're dirty because we've gone

west off the course we were on. We used to encourage them to invest here and now we slap them at every turn. I don't think we have to be anti-Americans to be Canadian. Industry in Canada now is a very very poor thing from a lot of points of view. I don't think anybody would invest in Saskatchewan any more—in Canada itself. Mr. Trudeau makes up his mind and gives some kind of really definite economic leadership that looks long term. It's like playing against the lights going on and off. You can't have the road changed every six months. I really felt ashamed—and that's the first time I've ever felt that way—embarrassed that every goddamn thing we're doing is calculated in terms of the existing economic foundations of the country. Now if we got a better alternative, if we're going on to some past quality of life, if everybody is to have their own organic parks, growing their own organic food and so on, that's okay, but we'd better identify what our goal is.

Maclean: Do you see Joe Clark as a viable alternative to the present government?

Zimmerman: I don't know, I've learned to distrust my own contacts. Mr. Clark is too new. I don't know anything about him. I don't think anybody does. His name looks like a white hope, but so does every new person. I think there definitely is a swing in the political right now, but it's to the right only in a sense that I think it's far some kind of stability, some kind of definition of

what we're going to do and what it takes. **Maclean:** Canada is getting more conservative than in your view?

Zimmerman: In the sense that there is a strong feeling for law and order. People want things to be there tomorrow that were there yesterday. I think people like respect and some sort of discipline. Respect for institutions, even for old buildings that need around. But then you look at your children. My kids and their friends have fairly modern and modern ambitions now. I don't think they see themselves repeating their parents' lifestyle. Equality. I never even thought about it as a child. I never saw myself doing what I'm doing, which was much the same as my father.

Maclean: How do you resolve power?

Zimmerman: I was born while my father worked in a mine as Timmins and we moved around quite a bit when I was younger. I went to public school in Niagara Falls, New York, then I attended Upper Canada College for a couple of years then went to Ridley for four years which was during the war while my dad was in Ottawa. My father started off with the Moore Corporation, he was their production superintendent in Niagara Falls. He ultimately went to Ottawa and became chairman of the Defense Research Board. I have a shabby house that we go to every winter weekend, and I inherited my grandfather's island where he settled in Georgian Bay. I'm the white man in Canada's water. I suppose.

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Walking and Hiking

1. Walking is easier on your body than running. Yet whether you jog a mile or walk a mile, you expend the same amount of energy.

2. Make sure your shoes or boots offer firm support. They should have a raised heel. The high top, "health" shoes may be fine for standing around but they're murder on a five mile walk.

3. Always wear wool socks. Wool absorbs moisture: wool is warm wet or dry, wool doesn't bunch. Sheep wear wool and stay out all winter.



Cross Country Skiing

1. Pick one brand of wax and stick (no pun intended) with it. Always wax for colder weather if you're unsure of the temperature, you can always add a softer (warmer) wax if you have to. You cannot put a cold wax over a warm one.

2. On extended tours in remote areas, carry a spare plastic ski tip or a roll of black plastic electrical tape. If you snap a tip you can tape it back on and continue.

3. In extremely cold weather, many cross country skiers wear an extra pair of socks outside their boots. This isn't as dumb as it sounds. They get the advantage of an extra pair of socks but they don't jam their boots up and restrict circulation. However, it does look as if you forgot something.



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OF CANADA

The CBC may serve Canada coast-to-coast but this coast would prefer self-service

Column by Clive Cocking

I don't really want to get comfort to the west, east or the north. I'm a Vancouverian, using Compression, who would just sit and wait till it all off, but one thing must be said. The CBC is no longer the existing program of the *The West Main News Show*, but has become the world's most expensive (it's a million dollars a year) for its own. In short, a bore.

Canadians are turning off in droves—two thirds of Canadians viewing time is now spent watching American television—and British Columbia is among the most turned off. British Columbia, for example, make up 25% of the audience (and much of the financial support) of the U.S. Public Broadcasting System in Canada, whose programming is a combination of an earlier leveler. On the business level, recently CBC president Al Johnson selected a response on the old on-air, but it's nothing that wrong with the CBC that a few more (broadest) and less (narrowest) can't.

But more fully, needed though it is, will not alone revive the moribund CBC. It's the continuing gap of a highly conscious and increasingly diverse CBC programming that is the real problem. The CBC is in a bind. It's on the one hand, between the West Coast and the CBC are at their lowest. The mood has changed. For years the performance of Toronto as the power center in all things, was compared graphically like the man, but no longer.

Since early spring, many enjoyable as friends of the CBC and a sizable body of regional CBC staff have been in open rebellion against the Toronto dominance of the CBC and the concept of a national CBC for regional broadcasting. A CBC Committee for CBC Reform organized by among others, Vancouver writer-actor George Woodcock, former National Film Board producer Bill Dwyer, playwright-critic David MacLennan and author-actor Arthur Erickson, has launched a campaign to get greater programming autonomy for regional centers.

As one tune, Vancouver enjoyed autonomy without the CBC and the spirit was "golden age" (from mid-1950s to mid-1960s) of creative and lively public activity in public affairs, arts and drama, both in radio and television. Broadcasters actually used to come west to see what the likes of David (Duke), Allan (King) and Mario (Punk) were doing. But over the past decade, autonomy for economy and efficiency, Toronto has been made the preeminent production base (65% of television) and decision center for CBC English radio and tele-

vision. "We're puppets and Toronto pulls the strings," says a disgruntled senior Vancouver TV producer.

What makes it particularly galling to Vancouver CBC employees is that after years of making do with temporary quarters they're not really being given a chance to show their stuff with the new \$25-million.



local regional broadcasting centers. It turns out to be essentially a Toronto issue. The Peter Gougeon *90 Minutes Live* episode last spring in the pattern Toronto-based media space flew in the key creative people (in that case) and used only local cameras and technicians. Vancouver CBC even had to fight for its own space this summer in Toronto production rooms, pushed studios to do a 15-part Wolfpack series, a Murray MacLennan special and 13 segments of *Thirty Thirty*.

CBC Toronto's cultural commission are obviously concerned that the regional centers cannot be trusted to produce anything of any importance—without, at least, their guidance. In radio, arts and music programming, for example, final decisions on content, budget and scheduling are made in Toronto for all but very few programs. But in television drama that the heavy hand of the Toronto puppet master is felt (that we say) more dramatically. West Coast producers feel writers are fed up with the regime of national drama star John Heard—write the rest delays in re-

sponse to script, arbitrary demands for production changes, but above all with the heavy interference in regional centers. It was Heard's demand for major changes in four dramas produced by the BC region for *Performance*—changes already had been fitted—that brought things to a head. In protest, Phil Kewley threatened his resignation as BC drama head effective July 1. "I couldn't do for Heard what he was asking for in detail," says Kewley who is noted for developing the memorable *Canadian Cowboy series* and the popular *Cherry Creek* comedy. "He doesn't seem to accept the very real differences people can have in interpretation." Through the intervention of new co-director of TV Lou Lusk, a compromise was reached in late August whereby Kewley withdrew his resignation and Heard got only some of the changes.

The CBC Committee for CBC Reform has been officially endorsed by 150 prominent Vancouverites, several community organizations and the Vancouver branches of the CBC Radio Producers Association, Canadian Wire Services Guild, Writers' Union, Association of Canadian Television and Radio Artists (ACTRA) and *L'Association des Radiosélecteurs*, which represent all TV producers outside of Toronto (who have their own organization). Among its aims, the committee wants the CBC to stop playing the commercial ratings game and to develop a genuine alternative television service, develop an interregional exchange of programs, expand TV radio coverage and put more money into creative talent. But the main drive the committee is currently lobbying for is to achieve a large measure of autonomy within the CBC for regional broadcasting centers, so that they can have the freedom to create programs of primary interest to their regions and through the networks to express the region to Canada as a whole.

CBC president Al Johnson met with the CBC Committee for CBC Reform in May, listened politely, then went away without making any concessions or even acknowledging the existence of a problem. He would do well to reconsider. It's the CBC's mandate to contribute in national ways and the experience of Canadian identity and that clearly cannot be done by broadcasting through a Toronto filter. Canadians are a regional people and what the CBC bureaucrats need to recognize is that regionalism is not a disease but a fundamental and operative force.

Clive Cocking is a British Columbia writer and a former senior executive at CBC public affairs office.



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Letters

All Paul Martin's glories and triumphs shrunk to this little measure?

This is a gross exaggeration. Mario McDonald's *The Forgotten Man* (August 9). Paul Martin was one of the finest Ministers of Parliament we have seen in Canada. His whole political career rested on the fact that he did something for every person who applied to him. I personally was helped by Paul Martin in a unique project that some 500 people in more than 75 people in my country. Do you think that I will forget him because he is now in England doing excellent work for Canada? Of the hundreds of people that he saw and consulted, none will forget Paul Martin.

GLENDA H. BROWN, WMA
BRIDGEWATER, QUE.

Such writing as appeared in Mario McDonald's *The Forgotten Man* (August 9) should not pass without consideration. Somewhat kindly humor and keen perception have combined to portray a man attacked by optimism, pessimism and public content. Doubtless the writer has been in close touch with H. G. Wells who remarked in *The Outline for Man*: "On the average in your best all things depend." So that Paul Martin is among those many who have lived strong in the struggle. Because of McDonald's able blending of fact with feeling, suddenly this "Forgotten man" was resurrected alive and extended in the hours of my reading.

MARGARET SELWICK, VICTORIA

Mario McDonald's article on Paul Martin was without doubt the most needlessly unkind and I think at its principal contention, ill-informed piece of journalism I have ever read. Being 36 years of age myself, I find it difficult to credit the wisdom

that "nobody remembers" Paul Martin especially the young generation. Quite the contrary—many remember Paul Martin. He is one of the truly ubiquitous figures in Canadian public life. He is never forgotten although his presence may be taken for granted.

C. GORDON HUNTLEY

Last year readers thank Mario McDonald's unduly harsh when the Ministry informs Paul Martin that Canadians have already forgotten him, consider the treatment meted out by *The Reader's Adviser* (vol. 3, 1994). The association following the listing of the High Commissioner's study *Canada and The Quest For Peace* reads as follows: "The late Mr. Martin was Canada's Secretary of State for External Affairs." How's that for being written off?

DAN WALLACE, BATHURST, QUEBEC
CANADIAN INTERNATIONAL DEVELOPMENT
AGENCY, OTTAWA

The message was lately the medium's Martin just read his interview with his brother Barry Colquhoun (July 12). I feel I must voice my doubts. You suggest in your introduction that anyone wishing to interview Martin must probe and gauge the Prime Minister. Colquhoun did neither. Rather he goaded and baited Martin to an extent that no Western politician would tolerate. It seems doubtful that even such tolerant African leaders as Kwame Nkrumah, Jomo Kenyatta or even Julius Nyerere would allow Colquhoun to continue an interview under such conditions. That Martin granted him two more extensive only shows how much Khondra demands that one be heard.

Colquhoun, however, proved that he was completely disinterested in that one. By his refusal to explain any area that might put the Smith regime in a favorable light, Colquhoun exposed his purpose in conducting the interview. What you published was less an interview with his brother than a tirade by Barry Colquhoun. I don't see Smith's presence during the interview was not necessary. Colquhoun could have voiced his main line beliefs and misleading statements without exposing his brother to them.

MILL KENNEDY, VANCOUVER

The price of readership

Please accept my sincere congratulations on your admirable August issue, which I've read from cover to cover with great pride and pleasure. I shall cherish it.

Perhaps I'm as a Canadian lock this week having met our Minister of Culture at a conference and hoping for joint ventures in the realm of culture. As a bilingual television, I'm extremely interested in French-Canadian and English playwrights getting together and having their plays translated for their respective audiences. I'd love to see a full week of Canadian plays at our Quebec Drama Festival (I am a governor on the board and I'm currently summing away at a drama). Yours has come true. Inclusive with the increased importance and popularity of Maclean's, I hope all of Canada will start waking up to the great lines of our country and the wonderful talented people in it. Today I forget about all the other American magazines and I was terribly proud of the one that is entirely my own.

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Maclean's

SEPTEMBER 20, 1976

Preview

When the campaign crunch comes, Ford's got a Dicky trip up his sleeve

In a Presidential election, one of the advantages of being the incumbent is the chance to pull off a grand coup under the guise of "executive responsibility." Remember how, in 1972 Richard Nixon's mouthpiece, Henry Kissinger, was going around talking about peace being at hand in Vietnam? The lesson was not lost on



Ford, Bushmen now here's the plan...

Gerald Ford, who is expected to accept a similar headline-grabber as the days dwindle down to November 2. Again Kissinger is involved: it's believed that he has already negotiated a bargaining position with the union which will lead to that long-sought union limitation (or sale?) agreement between the two countries. But Kissinger, Ford and the White House are keeping the lid on, providing the President with a chance of a pump-and-circumstance rousing with Lionel Lincoln for the signing of the politically opportunist measure. Not only would this enhance Ford's stature, it would also grab a way those pages and television air time from Jimmy Carter.

Break up the Expo! Maybe the change as homes will help but it isn't likely. The Montreal Expo, when they move into Olympic Stadium next season, will bring with them the worst record in all baseball—a 100-plus loss season seemed almost assured as Maclean's went to press—and unless some changes as modest as some of major league ball players as there is none (the only reason is to carry the team forever). It's been eight years of failure, mediocre trades and a player development program second to all others—and the Montreal fans have apparently had enough. If the crowds are looking tiny to little (20,000 seats) at the Park, think of how much more they'll look in the bags (50,000 seats) Olympic Stadium. But hope, how-



Rivers and dockers a one-two punch?

ever dies, may be on the way. In November the first-night bidding war begins and up for grabs are such people as Roger Jackson and Bobby Cruch of the Grizzlies, Dave Cash of the Phillies, and Joe Rodi and Rollie Fingers of the A's. Expect chairman Charles Rose from promises: "Two separate—okay, two—two—to go with the ones we already have. Say we put two, and we'll probably make one or two trades. Then we are a contender—and you can't not be a contender in this stadium."

Some priorities seem to resolve with eight Four years have now passed since John McNair, then minister of health, announced that the government intended to reduce sentences for people possessing of cocaine (marijuana and hashish) and



Joint-rolling: still the wood of crime

like the offense of the outrageous Narcotics Control Act and put it into the Ford and Drugs Act. Two years have passed since the bill required to make the change

was introduced in the Commons, with a supposed high priority. It was in have come into law the fall, having passed through the various committees and the Senate. But it won't. According to Privy Council president Michael Sherry the estimates tell no longer has priority and will be allowed to die on the order paper when the current session of parliament ends. Nor will it be reintroduced between the start of the present session (October 12) and the Christmas recess. Maybe some time in 1977. Meanwhile, the maximum penalty for simple possession remains at \$1,000 fine or six months in jail or both (though maximums are rarely imposed), instead of a maximum \$300 fine.

Rev up the engines, Mr. Smith On almost any given weekend somewhere in North America, the linkers gather, sometimes as many as 20,000 of them, to pay homage to a television program that died seven years ago. And, sure, there's nothing so powerful as an idea whose time has come again. Star Trek, updates with Captains



Shatner: how the Treklike beamed him up

Kirk (William Shatner), Mr. Spock (Leonard Nimoy), Bones (DeForest Kelley) et al, should be returning to television, probably by 1978. If all hangs, according to Shatner, on the success of the proposed Star Trek movie, budgeted at five million dollars and about to go into production. And if the Treklike get their money where their obsession is, that should make it a sure thing. The series, which lasted three seasons and consisted of only 78 episodes, has been in syndication since 1969 (in Toronto, minors can watch 10 hours a week) and a whole new generation has become hooked on it. To add impetus, President Gerald Ford has overruled some officials and ordered that the new U.S. space exploration vessel be called "The Enterprise."

Canada

How Joe 'Who' became the people's choice



It was a most unimpressive if flummoxing stop of the largely Francophone, Canadian's ambassador to Belgium, arranged a small, black-tie dinner in his elegant Brussels residence early this month for Conservative Party leader Joe Clark. Seated around Clark at the dinner table were, among others, two bank presidents, two lawyers, a roofer and an executive of Belgium's largest conglomerate, Société Générale. After dinner, Luxembourg's ambassador, who had been invited by the Speaker of the House of Commons and Clark was a member of Parliament from Alberta. At one point, the ambassador referred to Clark as "Mr. Pierre Moulinet." Clark blushed, but Luxembourg's secretary assured us what he had said kept light and on-talant.

Lincoln's error was underestimating his ally after seven months in Tory leader Clark has seen his party take an unusual lead in the polls, with 40% of the respondents backing the Conservatives compared to only 29% for Prime Minister Jean Charest's Liberals. In Ontario's post-municipal Free Gallery this fall, there was a sense of morbid fascination in the air as the spectacle of a government floundering in the throes of apparent self-destruction. At another telltale sign of the times, federal civil servants for the first time in years were

structurally encompassing the prospect of working for a Conservative administration. For all that, few of Clark's Tories would be so foolish as to assume that the outcome of the next election—just two years away—is a foregone conclusion. Both Trudeau and the Liberal Party have proved themselves formidable organizational powers in the past, most notably in the Goyt landslide of 1974. Even so, there is every indication that the Trudeau government is now facing its most severe challenge since, and that the comeback attempt it is currently mounting will have to be either a heaveho performance, or a last hurrah (see *Editorial*, p. 100).

That was his prime mandate in waiting. Clark took off on the month on a 17 day, six nation European tour that was clearly designed to limit the deBlaire, baby-faced leader on one of his most irritable foes: people living on a road of meetings with European political leaders. Francoist and pro-Francoist. Clark found none for a spot of early campaigning at the Canadian Forces base in Laufen, West Germany. There, the Syrian Tour leader was his biggest leap from some 300 Canadian servicemen by referring to the Prime Minister's office. Ottawa residence is the place where the other guy keeps an swimming pool. Later in Brussels, Clark met

with Belgian Premier Leo Vaelaers, Joseph Luns, the NATO secretary-general, and François-Xavier Ortoli, president of the European Community Commission. From Brussels, Clark headed for Rome and talks with West German leaders and was scheduled to visit Paris and Rome—where an audience was arranged with Pope Paul—before concluding his whirlwind tour with a visit to London for talks with Chancellor of the Exchequer Denis Healey and Foreign Secretary Anthony Crosland.

Albright, it has been a giddy, perhaps even frightening, ascent for the young man from High River, Alberta, who has been as far from less than half as long as Pierre Trudeau has been PM. As recently as last February, he was a long-shot candidate who shed out victory to the Tory leadership race by a mere 65 votes over the runner-up, Quebec's Claude Wagner. Now, after his stragglingly swift ascent in the polls, Charles Joseph Clark, 35, could by 1975 emerge as Canada's youngest prime minister and the first Tory to take up residence on 24 Sussex Drive in 13 years.

How has it all come about? Since he succeeded Robert Sanfield as Tory chairman, Clark has deliberately kept a low national profile, preferring to devote his time to a useful reconstruction of the party's image.

avenue across the country and to low-key games, none with prize money. His fourth season during the past three months has averaged about 10,000 sides by act and taken him to some 50 cities and towns. Calkins' prerequisities have also led to a number of other opportunities, such as the House of Commons. But Terry disagrees, believing the bus tour—earning it \$100,000 in pay off. "People are curious and of the spontaneously approach Calkins to take his interest sides apart. This is a welcome change for the Tourist. "When I was with Standish," says a Conservative official, "I used to look around and think there was a time with interest on."



Subscribed with friends in a box.

Clark may also have probed up points by checking misleading from laying down the law on the policy front—to the point of asserting that it would be a year or so before he would be able to make a decision on the controversial health bill with Clark's persistence. The current political mood believes that voters have grown disillusioned with leaders on changing white charges who offer a vaguely good response to them. As a result, Clark in some respect opens access as a Canadian version of the Henry Clay political model, linking pressure over development, but projecting a change of policies on the basis of the current political situation. A rural vote, of simplicity and honesty. The accompanying implicit message—which many voters may find in asserting—is that back in the era of Bill Government and support, it is for the man who will lead this country.

At the same time, Clark has tended to present Canadians with the fairly unusual portrait of a political leader who tries to look on the bright side of things. Just as he scrupulously avoided attacking his opponents during the Conservative leadership race, he seems now to avoid depressing voters with a message of gloom and doom. Typically in Saskatoon last month, Clark lectured Worlemon of the Tory hardliners

Joe's kind of people

For a man who is conspicuously short of hard-policy positions, Joe Clark is almost embarrassingly well connected with

unfamously well equipped with advisors in an effort to keep the fractious Tories glued together, Clark has made a point of listening to everyone—and of appointing a wide cross-section of party workers and even to advisory bodies. Now some party officials are worried that Clark may be getting a surfeit of advice which only serves to impede decision making.

Unlike Pierre Trudeau's office, with its Harvard University and Hudson Institute influence, the team around Clark tends to be recruited toward more down-to-earth

press-political pundit and a figure from the business world. Two exceptions are Bill Wexler, Clark's chief of staff, who is an economist, and Clark's newly appointed program director, Jim Hawkins, who is a psychologist. Clark has known the Times' lead psychologist, Hawkins, for years. Hawkins' main task is to help coordinate new programs in a period of rapidly shifting economic and social patterns in a departure from the style of Robert Kennedy, who tended to isolate himself. Designed with Clark's consent, the first task was to make sure Clark was represented on the party's key strategy committee. Among its members are party right-wingers, including Sen. Jack Horner and Sen. Charles Stenholm, as well as men of the center and left such as party president Mike Mansueti and Sen. Bill Bradley. Clark and Richard Driehaus, the Times' chief

ada, reporter who is now the party's associate cultural director.

Clark has also named a special panel to serve as a skeletal campaign committee under Horne Andewicz for Calgary Centre and a longtime political ally of Clark's. At the same time, Clark is trying to assemble an informal network of advisers outside of Ottawa. Among them: George Cooper, the Halifax lawyer who spearheaded Clark's leadership drive in Nova Scotia; David Jenkins, an Edmonton executive who went to school with Clark; and economic consultant Ralph Heide of Toronto.

One missing problem facing the Tories is the party's relatively inactive, inactive bench. Some very obvious cabinet choices keep out of the present lineup, including Jack Horner, who is currently Transport Minister. The party's Energy Minister, James Gilling, and Kingston's Roy Macdonald. By the time they take office, the party also hopes to have attracted some bright and prominent newcomers. Among those being talked about as prospective Tory candidates are Vancouver's Mayor Art Phillips, Mayor David Crombie of Toronto and Marcel Massé, a tough-talking former minister of Quebec's former Union Nationale government.

Without an influx of new blood admits Neelke, "we could pull together a cabinet that's as good as the [Liberal] one that's in place now—and that's damnable with four eyes."



Mailla and Meyer (above), Wiegman and Andre (below): just plain folks.





Clark with the ECC's Ontario power may be years away (if it comes at all) but it never hurts to be prepared

on the dangers of harboring a hegemony against the national government. "Throughout our history," he noted, "there have been two opposite tenses in which Westerners have approached national affairs. One has been a cynical, not finding fault in national arrangements, living in a rivalry with a grievance. The other has been a confidence, proposing growth and improving, achieving leaders in Canadian governance." Clark sees himself as a product of the second strain. "We have come to offer," he says, "ideal governance."

Yet even though Clark may be striking responsive chords with Canadians, it is equally clear that his greatest political asset so far has been stirred by default—due to the Trudeau government's own self-inflicted wounds. For an opposition party to make headway, says Bill Neville, Clark's chief of staff, had an ex-Liberal named Tory. "There has to be a negative tone to legit with. We didn't say, 'You can walk on water and all you gotta do is politeness design.' Obviously for Liberals, very negative present standing with Canadians has provided a large part of the Tories' lead in the polls. Now, says Neville, the trick is to hang on to that lead by convincing citizens that the Conservatives are "a competent, honest alternative." "As the approach of the next election forces Clark into a more aggressive posture of that aim, his potential liabilities and those of his party may be-

come more apparent. Some party workers fear that Clark has already grown overconfident. There is concern, too, over the paucity of strong cabinet material in the Tory ranks and over Clark's propensity for narrowing himself with a plethora of advisors offering conflicting views (not how). Despite his pre-acquainted hours across Canada, Clark still is rattled with the Joe "Who" label which was hung on him last February. Nor could Clark by any stretch of the imagination be called charismatic. "He is intelligent, but there's no warmth about the man," observed a *Conservative Market* official in Toronto this month. Around thirty miles west, Clark could even be haunted by the memory of McGee's death to be known by her maiden name: "Suzanne McGee looked like 'I can't resist a man who doesn't wear the pants on his family.'"

A far more serious threat is posed by the traditional Tory propensity for loose-lipped, minority opposition in the Alpha-Nauvoo showdown looming in Alberta's Western riding between Clark and Tory MP Stan Schuchman. Both aim last year's old commitment to the redistribution that will take effect before the next election, and both want to run in Blom River. Already deeply enthralled by the dispute, Clark now has the choice of either suffering a natural loss of face by backing down,

or of forcing that issue at the risk of opening the old split between the party center and the Western outpost (Dakota/Alberta/Texas).

Quebec is another important potential trouble spot for Clark and his party. With only four members in the province, the party, in theory, has almost nowhere to go but up. One prospect is that with Social Credit Leader Rolland Desrosiers sensually ill, and without a strong successor in the offing, the Tories might be able to pick up some of the 11 Second seats in Quebec. But there is also a good possibility that the policies of federal bilingualism policies could upset Tory hopes. To his credit, Clark rejected the suggestion by some Conservatives that the party write off bilingualism—and Quebec—before a sweeping visit to English Canada. But some Western Conservatives remain repelled by bilingualism, and the Liberals may well try to exploit that division in the party by forcing a vote on the issue when parliament reconvenes in mid-October.

Another problem may be lurking in the person of Claude Wagner as chairman of the party's shadow cabinet, a post that Wagner took this month on the grounds that he was too busy with his job as foreign affairs critic. Wagner subsequently announced Clark as part of his European package, but seemed rather bored by it all. At one point, Wagner conducted a series of meetings with NATO officials in Brussels and returned without opposing for face with his

wife Gaille. Clark has denied that there is a rift between himself and Wagner. But there was speculation that Wagner will not run in the next election, leaving the Tories without a big-name francophone candidate in Quebec.

Clark's return from Europe September 22 is likely to mark the opening of a new phase in his leadership, involving more time spent in Ottawa and a greater emphasis on policy formulation. Clark plans to appoint a 20 member advisory council to study policy options over the next few years. In the meantime, Clark will start the ball rolling with a series of speeches on economic policy and national goals. In broad terms, Clark is expected to emphasize the need to move away from the federal policy innovations and heavy government spending of the Sixties and early Seventies, while working to reduce public expenditures—a theme that Trudeau himself has grown fond of propagating.

If Clark succeeds in leading the Tories to power, what kind of government would he bring to Canadians? Clark himself may not be sure yet, since he has admitted in the past that "my approach to politics is not policy oriented." Still, a broad policy outline is discernible. A Tory government would likely tighten up social welfare programs such as family allowance and unemployment insurance. A Conservative administration could also be expected to provide more benefits for small business—a traditional Tory plank—with a relaxation of minimum wage, between Canada and the United States, and in Europe take a tough anti-Communist, pro-NATO stance. At home, one of the most important differences under a Conservative regime would probably be a move away from the Liberal's centralizing tendencies toward a more consultative attitude to the provinces. Says Clark, "I think this country is too big to be defined at the center."

Before any of that can happen, the Conservatives must first take off the lead, despite the good news from the polls. The Tories are nervously aware that their stay in the rocky terrain ahead. "We're going to get knocked in the months ahead," says Bill Neville, who is likely to see that the press has a tradition of focusing on the Conservative side of the up-and-down in the lead over the Conservatives' situation in that election, perhaps the most baffling one of all: managers the leadership potential of Clark—who, he says, has yet to come out fighting—he is essentially most—and who may be a large degree, an enigma—and elusive figure on the political landscape.

ANALYST/REPORTER ROBERT LEWIS

OTTAWA

Unlucky Pierre

Pierre Trudeau's Liberals are grimly aware that they face a tough uphill struggle in attempting to reverse the party's month-long slide in popularity. In what read more like a Gulliver than a Gulliver plot, the



Trudeau woke up this month to discover themselves a shocking 10 points behind Joe Clark's Conservatives. According to Ottawa from a three-week European and Middle East vacation, Trudeau closed himself with the Liberal caucus for two days of deliberations on just what had gone wrong and what should or could be done about it. One of the first moves was concrete. As an alternative to Trudeau's busy House of Commons corridor interviews, the PM was told national all-day press conferences designed to offer a better point of contact with the media. "This," said the PM, "is the beginning of our reforms."

It would take a good deal more than that to reverse the Liberal slump for, as Trudeau admitted, "I'm sure there are 100 reasons why the government isn't popular, why I'm not popular." He could easily have named a raft of the sources of trouble—federal bilingualism policies the vote to abolish federal pensions, government bugging in general—but Trudeau chose to attribute the slide mainly to the fact that, through an anti-inflation program, the government has been "literally stamping on people's expectations."

In an attempt to counteract that feeling, the Liberals have decided to beat the Tories using Canada's own citizens' attentiveness on the trouble against inflation. Accordingly, Ottawa will spend \$1.2 million to promote Anti-Inflation Board resources in 1,043 daily and weekly newspapers, 28 ethnic papers and on 228 radio stations. But it will likely take far more than that to win over skeptical voters, which means with predictable anger what Finance Minister Donald Macdonald took steps this month to ease restraints on corporate profits.



As Trudeau's most vocal mouthpiece in the national drafting of the Throne Speech for parliament's resumption October 12, another new Liberal draft has begun to emerge—a recognition that people are tired of government interference in their lives. "Let's get off!" Trudeau acknowledges, "is that we shouldn't legislate any more than we have to." One message that Trudeau heard clearly during the caucus meetings was that the government should stop telling people what they can't do. Adviser to Trudeau, "We have to be more sensitive to the accusation that we are not as good managers as we should be. We should recognize this honestly."

As another way of reformulating the Liberal message, Trudeau was told considering a federal cabinet shuffle that could come this month. The problem, as most Liberals realized, was that plying a few new faces around Trudeau will do nothing to tackle one of the party's most serious liabilities—

*40: (left) is reporting the Clark's first policy in the mid-October



Sophie Thomas at the grave of her niece Corren, and Corren's baby; how and why?

correr. He is in charge of assisting a native woman with an abortion in childbirth. But the natives say their numerous complaints have been ignored by the police.

In response, several members of the worst community—including the owner of the local newspaper publisher, and Corren's first lover—murdered Thomas after she ran out in front of cars on the road leading to the reserve, hoping to get a ride. Glen Clark, publisher of the weekly *Norwich Chronicle*, says he has often had to ensure to avoid taking them. He also admits: "There is racial prejudice in this town, but as more as that in any other town."

After receiving several warnings and making accusations, Corren Turner was notified Corren had died by accident and that an inquest was unnecessary. (Turner had also pleaded over an request that she be buried in the church of her father in the town of St. John's.) But then, after reading negative press reports from outside the community detailing Indian claims of harassment and receiving a written request from Sophie Thomas, 41, who is a former chief of the reserve, Turner changed his mind. He set an inquest for September 22, evening. "I will not let it be turned into a political farce for outsiders to write and air their complaints about race relations," Turner, however, withdrew from the case, after confirming outside press reports that he had a nervous breakdown from a hit and run accident 14 years ago by which a man died. He will be replaced by supervising Coroner Glen McDonald of Vancouver. Turner had already asked that the justice (this abuse and that abuse) be chosen from outside the immediate area.

In the meantime, with some of the Stoney Creek natives threatening "mobility" in the inquest, and newspaper daily publishing that outside agencies will put in an appearance, the kind of hysteria in Vancouver (population 1.6 million) continues to rise. The Redknaps, who

make a comfortable income logging, and who live within a few miles of the reserve on the road where the accident occurred, report that groups of Indians drive slowly by their house, shouting "awadaw!" at them. Linda Roddick, mother of the boys, is particularly distraught, perhaps because

Law and disorder

Years ago, there was talk of making the town of Shelburne Nova Scotia's capital. But Halifax won that honor, and nothing very much has happened in-shaky, South shore Shelburne during the intervening years. Now, the community of 2,600, about 150 miles southwest of Halifax, is preoccupied up in arms. The town's biggest of the town's popular young police chief, 29-year-old Edgar MacLeod, is embroiled in a dispute about overtime pay. The other members of Shelburne's main force, set in protest, leaving the Mounties to take over local police duties while angry townspeople wage a battle for MacLeod's reinstatement.

At the heart of the issue is the question of just why MacLeod was fired. According to Corneil Fawell, chairman of the town council's police committee, it was strictly a "colours and cents" issue. Mayor Grant Daughney claimed that MacLeod "acted in a lack of respect" for the city government, but declined to spell out what that meant exactly. Some of Shelburne's citizens have their own ideas. MacLeod may have fallen into disfavor because he refused to bend the rules when law enforcement collided with politics and personalities. Last year, for example, he pressed to have charges of trespassing against a member of the police committee who was arrested for being drunk at a hockey game. On the other hand, according to MacLeod, he was expected to take him action against traffic offences—specifically if they were political opponents of the mayor. Mac-

Leard, said only on the night Corren was killed, their own daughter Bonnie, 17, died in a Prince George hospital of injuries she received during a car crash while on the way. "How could they think that our boy, after standing over his dying sister, would have thought about killing someone else?" she asks. Mrs. Redknapp, who lost another child, a 10-year-old son, on the same road in an accident, says: "If I hadn't been for the car, I would have had to go to visit the Thomas and I guess we still should have. I understand how terrible they must be feeling. Why did it have to be one of our girls, and why did it have to be one of them?"

The Redknaps freely admit their sons are "scraggy"—"they walk around with their fists up," says their mother. But they are appalled at the accusation the Indian community has leveled at them.

Apart from the unease the British Columbia Human Rights Commission is investigating the racial climate in Vancouver, and the fact the police Commission is looking into the complaints natives have about the RCMP. Out of the accusations and counter-accusations one certainty has emerged: if there hadn't been a fatal case in Vancouver before Corren Thomas's death, there is a case.

JULIAN HEDDER



MacLeod (right) and one of the Mounties who is filling in a political vacancy?

Leard, says Joe Ross, executive director of the Police Association of Nova Scotia, has been the victim of shabby treatment by a bunch of small-town cronies. "There were signs that the law over MacLeod's dismissal may result in a major political shake-up for Shelburne. Parker Corneil, the provincial property assessor, has been named head of a newly formed replayer's association that plans to file the ex-convict's case before the Nova Scotia Supreme Court. The association also plans to field its own candidates in Shelburne's next municipal elections. "We have only ourselves to blame for this mess," says Corneil. "We've let a few people run their town and not taken enough interest in what's been going on."

JENNIFER WATSON

Should you drink Kahlua only with coffee?

Yes.

And no.



It's a delightful dilemma. Some feel that you should only drink Kahlua with coffee. Others feel that Kahlua is too good for just that, so they drink it, with soda (as shown), with milk, or in Black Russian. But everybody agrees on their coffee liqueur—Kahlua.

Kahlua. The coffee liqueur that made coffee liqueurs famous around the world.



The apprenticeship of Billy Bennett

After a year of trying, the kid is starting to show some promise

By Judith Timson

He could always consider it a compliment. After all, not every provincial premier is likened to a character out of *The Wizard of Oz*. But there you are. For better or worse, Bill Bennett, the Social Credit Premier of British Columbia, often reminds me of the Tin Man. I am sure he, too, is blantly good-looking face with the slightly pained smile, his head nodding atop a rigid, reversed body, saying only to himself "... if I only had a heart." The Tin Man as politician: British Columbia after the fall. Bye-bye Dave Barrett and the old heart-on-the-sleeve loving, caring and sharing, hello Social Credit technocrats talking with the economy. British Columbia without a heart.

But watch him now, the 46-year-old political neophyte, hunched over a desk in the reception area of his staid constituency headquarters in Kelowna (housed above the family hardware store, on the phone as one Mrs. Kinnel. A minor crisis, but welfare payments have mysteriously stopped coming, and she has been crying. Crying to herself. Crying to Bill Bennett's secretary. Crying, finally, to the Premier, who a minute earlier had picked up the phone, distill her number and said "Hello, it's Bill Bennett." The secretary's remark, from the receiver are agitated Soos, is a matter-of-fact note he mutters to draw the details from her and hangs up with a promise: "Don't worry, we'll fix it." His performance is disconcerting. The technician would be happier studying the violation of the system than dealing with one of its victims. Still, it's a valiant effort, and the mood takes a quick run back to the rapid, decisive figure Bill Bennett presented to the world before he had his caging hand of car dealers, recycled Liberals and converted Conservatives, under the slightly suspicious Social Credit label, to victory last December. Not quite a year has passed since Canada's third largest province (and one of the most affluent areas in the world) elected a Socialist government.

Bennett informality is an acquired trait

thrashed socialist nose at Dave Barrett and his bombastic New Government, and it seems on this day and in other recent encounters that Bennett's rigid no longer, definitely no longer, is more relaxed, more able to engage people.

A concern he voiced earlier intrudes upon the moment: "We've got to be careful. There's a danger of becoming cold, grey administrators in this Age of the Technocrat, we cannot lose touch with the political flavor." While he does not say "with the people," that is clearly what he means. Uniting in a kind of politics new to BC, pegged more on professionalists than personality, he now seems prepared to concede that the way, the truth and the light do not lie solely in a balanced budget. Power, it seems, has softened the edges around Bill Bennett, revealing a capacity for growth that few outsiders suspected was there. And while it isn't what you'd call heart, definitely not what you'd call heat, it isn't, as they say, half bad.

"What's happening out there in Louisa Lane? Give yourself a right-wing government, eh?" The questions (with the easterners are more curious than polite. They had heard so much about Dave Barrett, the Socialist, few who brought his Just Education and passion for social reform to a premier that had been run for 20 years out of the back pocket of powerful, Sunbonyant W. A. C. Bennett. Now Barrett, who brought the books and pulled his way through the last election, has himself been run out of town by Bennett's own. It's a nice plot. They ought to make a movie. And they should include footage from election night last December, when a smiling, aging "Bucky" Bennett stood, telephone in his sock's clasp, his adjourned and political end to the camera: "Now, a people's government is back in power. And everybody can breathe easier tonight." If the hand had been cruel, it could have swung right into the Bennett campaign theme song: *Happy Days Are Here Again*.

Only they're not. For one thing, the son



Bennett (left) and Younger (above) and Bill with his father, Allan Bennett, he never cried for his father.

is determined not to make the next political mistakes as the father. Which means standing in his own government the more recent warlike voice in picking order and sympathy that he freely admits his father moderately encouraged during his 20-year reign. It also means not hanging around for 20 years. Bill Bennett plans to front of political back by the time he is 40 years old, his father was when he became premier, which gives him about six years. As they say in the hardware business, Bill Bennett expects to have a short shelf-life.

But back to the minister's curious question. The answer lies, not in a political response (even "Well, it's more middle-of-the-road than right wing") but in the reactions of people. For instance, your aunt and uncle who lives in Victoria will tell you that, shocking as it may seem, this Second government has gone and raised the ferry rates, which means it costs them \$38 instead of \$15 for a round trip to Vancouver. My dear the minister must have been war like. Those Socials are callous. And your high-diving friend with the Conservative Stings will offer up his finest example for a government that felt comfortable, would it taking office to imply his conservative (from \$238 to \$654) with the soldier's explanation that the rate had not been making the government-owned Investment Corporation of British Columbia pay from any business than the eyes of Bill Bennett and the post-hypocrite, along with eight other members of his government, to



he is a millionaire there is no such thing as a free lunch. Pay is yes, yes. It's an ancient philosophy and one that "Mortgage Alpha with a head start" in Vancouver's Sun columnist Allan Fotheringham calls Bennett learned not by going to university (he never made a post grade 12) but by so nearly working for a living from the time he was 14. It's the type of philosophy your younger sister's back-brother friend had in mind when they came out in the Coast in the 1940s. But unfortunately they find that since the *Mappy Days* after *More* Agan gang took office it has not been so easy to satisfy one to the welfare office and pick up a line walking around money.

Yes, the government, committed to austerity and "getting me moving again" rightward the shores on the welfare system

the civil values of Bill's people being Business Minister William Vander Zalm, an indigenous Dutch-Canadian (a millionaire), and a cabinet choice of which Bennett is particularly proud. It was Vander Zalm who, a matter of days after the government took office, mailed welfare recipients to "pick up your checks" and start looking for work. There is a twinkle in Bennett's eye when he recalls the universal "red-neck" statements made by some of his more hapless ministers during the first few months. In their economically troubled times and in a province where the subject of welfare rip-offs is daily fodder for hot-line radio shows, he thinks Vander Zalm's remarks fit the spot with more people than they deserved. But the stepping of the welfare rails and a proposed

change in the administration of the past earned income for old-age pensioners (and also served to create an air of respect among the truly needy and a widespread knowledge among those employed on the civil services). The government does not care about people. It's a lesson as likely to be heard from an anguished social worker as from an unemployed laborer.

But would you call a government right-wing when it began working on tougher consumer protection laws, can industry run-back legislation, the creation of an ombudsman and an auditor general? On the other hand, could you label a progressive when it dismantled the Status of Women office and introduced legislation giving the government the power to supervise strikes, a move decided by one labor leader as "crap in this day and age." As local political columnists conspired to give Bennett the rookie of the year award, so much for his reputation for performance in the legislature (after about three years as an MP, he has hardly learned how to debate with a flourish) so far his tough administrative approach (the words of Vancouver *The Observer's* Frances Russell seemed particularly apt: The first year of Bennett's government she wrote, will be remembered for one thing—it heralded the advent of "mildly professional pragmatic politics" to BC. "The politician as the physician and his family served" Chretien has laid down a dead Chretien, a shadow of the past. The new leader, "a highly skilled every politician," as Russell called him—was running his government. It is Peter Lougheed like a well-oiled business with a degree of political professionalism the province has never before seen.")

Privately, however, some of the same people who were drawing leader to finance agencies. Was his government really professional, or was it just a bunch of frauds and incompetencies to step out of line? And was Bennett responding to all as the human needs of the people? "Sometimes," said one of them privately. "I think Bennett is a political monster created by his father."

The food was mediocre, but the view from the revolving restaurant high atop the Holiday Inn Harbor Side in downtown Vancouver was superb. Bill Bennett, after spending the morning doing political press in a radio call-in show, took a cup of his lunchtime drink and admitted "It's a way I think the way I was brought up was a tragedy." Often accused of being insensitive, he was bemoaning his own emotional rigidity, and if the admission itself was swelling the fact that he said anything at all was astonishing. Was this the same Bill Bennett who had had so much difficulty crying on national chain with supporters that he would result in giving them a quickie speech? He was obviously those days, and his own fear of being as skilled as manipulative politics, which left him extremely defensive. "You get afraid

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one that improves
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youth? You'll tap into precious metal
green event. Instead, the money is
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to make a mistake. You try to be as sturdy
as possible." But Bennett does not like to
make mistakes. Brother Airt's four-year
older, says he has the strongest will to win
she has ever seen. He is strongly competi-
tive, always striving to prove himself.

Indeed, he carried the enormous bag-
gage of a son or daughter struggling to fit in
to the image of a famous father. Un-
wittingly he has learned to control his own
fame moment, and cast himself as the
tutor of "Daddy's boy" but inwardly,
every day of the way, he is showing every-
one what he's made of. Watch him on the
tennis courts rather out of shape after
being away for a while. A single relatively
thin man who only learned tennis after he
was 30 and where gains is no shame. He
blows a tennis shot and his voice, bearing
himself, drifts across the court. "Just!" That
was a stupid, stupid, stupid shot! "This par-
ticular that day, an old business friend from
Kelowna, accepts the competitive nature
of the men that way you would expect any
quick as a flash—wind, but that's all."

Until recently, he was not shy of referring to
his father as "the former premier" or "the
former incumbent." Both of them have
taken pains to establish Bill's independ-
ence, like his father's, to one who is
now 17, the older Bennett told me inter-
viewed. Their relationship is close and
frugal with a special kind of intimacy
recognized by all who public serving. The
father is desperately proud of the son. The
son handles the father with care. "There
are some things I just don't discuss with
him," says Bill. "He's so emotional, he
cries if you say hello."

Last March, during opening day cere-
monies at the Kelowna Valley, young Bennett
strode into the packed assembly hall shak-
ing hands with many of the distinguished
guests on the floor. He ignored his father
sitting only two seats back of him. "I'm
sorry," he said to his father, "I'm sorry," dur-
ing a long-winded attempt by the mayor
to delay opening ceremonies. His
father had words for him. He leaned over,
tapped Bill's shoulder, and murmured a message
Williams, seated directly behind Bennett
the younger, passed it on. Now, half a year
later, Bennett recalls no substance. "He
said me (I thought someone should tell
the guests waiting out at the reception
that we would be late." "A short laugh." "On
my first day in Premier, it was the last thing
on my mind." In the press on that day the
message from father to son was broadcasted
to everyone that the "Kelowna con-
nection" was alive and well.

Kelowna, B.C., nestled in the Okanagan
Valley, is like any other Canadian small
town with postcard perfect scenery, lush
vineyards, an impeccable climate, and a
reputed millionaires on every corner. A
paradise of sorts. In 1930 a financially
wayward W. A. C. Bennett, the shrewd son of
an incredibly poor boy, New Brunswick
farmer, sold his hardware store in Alberta

looking for greener pastures. He gladly
settled for orchards. "The son that the cherries
were ripe and that was it," says Airt, the
eldest of the three Bennett children.
Brother Russell, who takes care of the
family hardware business, is now years
older than Bill. Airt is the only one of the
three who went to university. "The son that
I thought I deserved to go," the ex-
claim. "The boy was always more interested in
business."

Since his election, the press has re-
counted with awe the fact that Bill Bennett,
the son of a wealthy man, was forced to
start working at the age of 16, and has run
himself ragged ever since. First odd job
being in a plumbing and heating plant, and
then with brother R.J., running a sta-
tion. "Working on the farm was a big deal with
it by day." But at least one of the Ben-
nets offering that the hard labor stories
are false. "Everyone worked in those
days," laughs Airt. "We lived in a large
house and every Sunday we did some-
thing. Some days I got to play around what the boys
dated." It was fun, says Bennett. Rural in
what he describes as a "Tomb Raider Cana-
dian home," the only thing for a boy to do
was to follow the mood of the country. In
reality it after the war, when, looking
about was unthinkable. Even today, Ben-
nett is constitutionally opposed to taking a
day. Seeing a countless example for his
sons, he keeps a maximum of six hours a
night, seldom bothers to eat lunch
(preferring to eat only his room with a
government apartment and a business meet-
ing) and often schedules 6:30 a.m. business meet-
ings. My parties is small as a breakfast
all-day and then back to my room study in
night to see where the rest of the day will
have got. After looking up several of his
memories with that persistence and watch-
ing one of them Provincial Secretary
George McCall, a friend of the father and
the mother (he was also Premier leader and
Minister of Recreation and Travel and as
yet) he has promised to lighten their bur-
den this fall.

In a nondescript office above the Ben-
nett store in Kelowna, Billy Toon, who
went through school with Bill Bennett
worked in the hardware business with him
for 25 years and is now director of the Pre-
mier's office in Victoria (evidence of the
small circle the Premier involves, as he
behind the bookshelf) pulls out a framed
black-and-white picture and lovingly
wipes the dust from it. My first regular is
to laugh when confronted with four smil-
ing men (Tom, Bill, Bennett, his brother
and a fourth man, possibly brother-in-law
of his). Cried 1932, two years after
Bennett pushed out of grade 12 and into the
realm of small-town business, the photo
also features what one would have to
have been referred to as a "happy" blond
perched on the fence, that guy with the
sheep. The caption underneath reads:
"Good Friends Bedroom Suite 5299 50."

A less than auspicious beginning for a
future premier, a man who disapproved



Kevin, Stephen, Greg, Bill, Audrey and Fred Bennett: the potential for a dynasty

himself as high school only by the aggres-
sive way he played basketball. Never a
"big winner on the social scene or acade-
mically," he admits it might have been
"glamorous" to go to university but it just
wasn't his thing. Besides, he saw a lot of
people waste their years in school, while
he, along with brother R.J., and with no
help, they have to add, from father (ac-
cept the obvious benefit of the Bennett

name) acquired the giant American hard-
ware store chain of Marshall Wells, part of
a \$54 million shopping, hotel and residen-
tial complex, a finance company, a gas
mill and other odds and ends. Today each
of the boys is a multi-millionaire and "family"
worth more than their father says Bennett,
who to avoid conflict of interest charges
has some placed his interests in the tiger
hands of a trust company.

It was a comfortable, happy small-town
existence that Bill Bennett, his wife
Audrey, and four sons lived in Kelowna. Un-
til 1975, his only political foray was his
election as president of the Kelowna
Chamber of Commerce, a brief, unimpor-
tant. But in his back in 1980, he says, he
had wanted to run provincially, and then
he saw him in the moment, last-minute
repent of his father's thinking north are
announced that "I have been a political an-
nouncer all my life." Indeed, at the age of five
he was introduced off on the issue with his
father to observe the annual Progressive
Conservative convention in Ottawa. Ever
since then, he had been a shadowy pres-
ence behind the older Bennett, who did not
become premier until after Bill had grown
up and gone into business, at major polit-
ical conventions. But why if he wanted to
heavily, did he take so long to take his first
political step? "It was impossible for me to
do what I wanted to do as the son of the
Premier." He shies away from the popular
image of the Bennett family, particularly
presiding, strong doing to show up the
fact. "It was never a matter of the Carver
dividing up the wealth. Never any question
of a dynasty." (And yet, with Bill in office,
says Airt, now whispers that family
happiness has been harmed that a third-gen-
eration Bennett might, say, one—Father
says he can see the signs, but he won't say
which family.)

When he went after his father's death

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As American as apple pie

Why all the fuss about Wayne and Liz, Wilbur and
Fanne? They were only doin' what comes historically

By Walter Stewart

Washington, a city that should know better
than mix policy with the shocked cries of
citizens following the untimely death of the
Hays-Kay scandal and assassination. Vis-
sible observers can be seen sipping off
their punches, slaking their heads, wag-
ging their fingers. But the only surprising
aspect of the bushy-pinkies between Kaye
senator Wayne Hays of Ohio and his
son typing secretary Elizabeth Kay, was
that Americans were surprised by it. They
have had public sex scandals since before
they were Americans. They have revelled in
them, teased them out at election time
and, in often in too, chuckled slyly at the
scandals. Thomas Jefferson foisted
around. So did Benjamin Franklin. And
George Washington may have told the
truth about the cherry tree, but about his
love life, he was somewhat less honest.
From the Founding Fathers to John F.
Kennedy, from Andrew Jackson to
 Dwight Eisenhower, U.S. politicians have
posed sex and power in playlet and often
public unto. It is a sense of history the
American look and a sense of play.

In Canada and politicians, I saw—at
least not in public. Marketers King was
dead nearly 30 years before Canadians
found out that he used to consort with
prostitute. King was teased by political
enemies and mirrored them with one
he could not have withstood a serious fight.
Perhaps not. Canadian politicians feel
around, just as U.S. politicians do but they
like one not to get caught. They fear they
would never be forgiven. In the United
States, however, they know better. When
John F. Kennedy, a famous womanizer
was being put forward for President, an old
journalist friend asked Joseph P. Kennedy
the candidate's father if all the rumors
about JFK's girls would affect his chances.
Kennedy replied that the American people
don't give a damn when politicians sleep
with. He was speaking from sound histo-
rical grounds.

George Washington conducted a dis-
creet but long lasting liaison with Sally
Fenwick, the wife of one of his Virginia

legates, and Congressmen Wilbur Mills
Mills & his wife of the same name, right.
Patent Post was just as sure as Washington
was 1800s. Then he made her a star



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neighbors and not long before he died he wrote her that not all the pleasures of his revolutionary war, nor all the splendors of his prosperity, had "been able to eradicate from my mind those happy moments, the happiness of my life, which I have enjoyed in your company."

Washington was above criticism at the time, so there was no public scorn. It was different with Benjamin Franklin. He was a short chaser of such vigor that it's a wonder he didn't do himself injury. (Although he did worry about contracting a venereal disease—"That hard-to-be-governed Passion of Youth," he wrote, "had turned me frequently into intrigues with Low Women that fell in my Way which was attended with some Expence and great Inconvenience. Besides a continual Risque to my Health by a Disorder.") If Franklin had an illegitimate son, William, who rose with his father's help to become governor of New Jersey, historians are unsure whether William was the product of one of Franklin's "low women" or the presumed son of his union with Deborah, his wife in any event. Deborah and Benjamin were not churchward, she simply moved into his house and started calling herself Mrs. Franklin. The husband was as reported into Franklin's political life by way of a notorious pamphlet called *Willie Is Sower For The Goose Is Also Sower For The Gander*, when he was running for Pennsylvania membership in 1764 (Franklin lost that election, but not because of the scandal). As envoy to France and England, Franklin—whose wife was afraid of sea voyages and consequently stayed home—was active in more than diplomatic circles. In England, a young painter who presented himself unannounced at Franklin's house bowed him dancing, a comely last on his knee and made a sketch of the occasion. In France, John Adams' wife Abigail, nicknamed Franklin as "the Old Deceiver" whose behavior with the French ladies left her "highly disgusted." Franklin had a perfectly plausible explanation: "Somebody, it seems, gave it out that I loved Ladies, and then everybody presented me their Ladies."

Thomas Jefferson, the complex and much-maligned President (and friend of both Washington and Franklin) also had his own parallel for the rude public gaze. When still a young man, he tried to seduce Elizabeth Waller, the wife of a neighbor, but it came to nothing. He then married, but his wife died in 1782. 16 years later, after violating a promise from her that he would not marry again, he did. He did, however, trade and gambled with Maria Conway, the beautiful but spoiled wife of a famous English painter, while he was in France on a diplomatic posting. The Conway affair faded in 1787 after the arrival in France of Sally Hemings, then about 15 (Jefferson was 40). Sally was a mulatto slave sent to attend Jefferson's eight-year-old daughter, Polly, in the sea voyage to join her father. Known around Mont-



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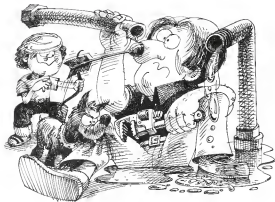
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office, Jefferson's home, in "Dashing Dolly," the war lightest color said, by all accounts, handsome and lively. Over the years, Jefferson had four children by Sally Hemings. The loner, widely known around Monticello, became a political issue in 1802, during Jefferson's second year as President, and led to the composing of a song (to the tune of Yankee Doodle) that began:

*Of all the damns on the planet
Of mountains or of wells,
At last an Amazon we've seen,
At Montecello Sally
Tucker Dandy, who's the daddy?
What wife were half as handy?
To lead a flock of slaves for stock,
A blacksmith's the daddy.*

Jefferson is rumored a tight-fisted miser during the congressional elections of 1801, even when the attempted seduction of Elizabeth Walker came out with the release of a letter from the President to John Walker in which he admitted the assault on virtue. None of this did Jefferson any political harm; he had barely squeaked into office in 1800 before the revolutionists but he won a thundering victory in 1804 after them.

Alexander Hamilton, the first secretary of the Treasury, was another founding father whose sex life led to public scandal. During the summer of 1795, he began an affair with one Maria Reynolds, who had come to him for help. Mrs. Reynolds' husband found out about it and demanded and received back money. He blabbed anyway in 1797, but while Hamilton had a tough time explaining things to his wife in permanent damage was done. Then his conduct with Angelica Church, a beautiful society mistress, enraged John Adams to complain of Hamilton's "immorality, indecency and excess" (Mrs. Church was Hamilton's wife's cousin and sister-in-law in the 18th century), but this affair did nothing to weaken his influence; in fact, though it may account for the slight he felt he won on the floor of the U.S. 330 bill.

But the scandalry wasn't changing Andrew Jackson, a rough fellow by all accounts, lived for a time in the same black-house in the fortified settlement of Nashville with a voluptuous beauty named Rachel Roberts, then registered from her husband, Lewis Roberts. Roberts suspected Jackson's attention to his wife and said so; Jackson promptly challenged him to a duel, which Roberts prudently declined. The Roberts then returned to Kentucky, quarreled again, and Jackson rode over to fetch Rachel back to Tennessee. Roberts said for divorce, named Jackson as the respondent, and Jackson and Rachel, apparently thinking the divorce had gone through (in fact, a court granted only two years later) were married.

This unconventional marriage gave the future President trouble. In October 1803, during a public discussion with Governor John Sevier of Tennessee, Jackson was embarrassing his achievement when Se-

vier attempted to say, "I know of no great secret you have rendered the society, except taking a nap, with another man's wife." Jackson, always a hotbed, leapt on the old man and dugged him with his walking stick, a crude way of challenging him to a duel. When the two men met on the field of honor they began dueling as such a duel, Sevier drew his sword and his horse very sensibly ran off, saving the dueling party with him. Jackson did fight a duel over Rachel, however, in 1804, with Charles Dickinson, who had twice killed her niece. Jackson shot Dickinson in the chest—he earned the bullet in his groin—but Jackson shot Dickinson in the groin

and he died in agony. Jackson went on to become President in 1829, but during the campaign his marriage was dugged out for a good gossip. One campaign pamphlet asked: "Doyle a convicted adulterer and her partner husband to be placed in the highest offices of his free and Christian land?" Eisenhower answered by sending Jackson to the White House, but the scandal, along with pleasure and a heart condition, did Rachel in. She did not betray Jackson's immorality, and he declared, "May God Almighty forgive her sinners, as I forgive the forgivers of them. I never can."

With this background, Jackson was pre-disposed to come to the White House Secretary

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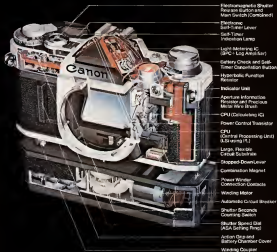
of Wax, John Eaton, who took up with Margaret G. Neale, described as a "dark-haired, round-faced woman" who, before she was 16, had in her credit one novel, one draft, one nearly wrecked military career and one aborted elopement. At 16 she married a Washington-based navy painter, John B. Timberlake, who was promptly sent to sea and kept there by Secretary Eaton. The secretary then called around to console the lonely bride. He consoled her so well that she produced two children, but her husband never came back at sea, and Jackson told Eaton he must marry the widow to "what the people" of Washington thought. Eaton did that, but social Washington scolded the girl anyway even after Jackson pronounced her "chaste as a virgin." His latest split on the issue: Vice-President John C. Calhoun led "the moral party," and Secretary of State Martin Van Buren led "the final search and party"—those willing to see Peggy Eaton socially.

Van Buren succeeded Jackson as President and in turn was middle of the senior politicians of Vice President Richard M. Johnson. As a congressman, bachelor Johnson had fathered two girls by a mulatto slave named Julia Chinn, but nobody

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Canon AE-1



To say that a camera is changing the course of photography is to invite natural suspicion. After all, new cameras are constantly being developed. What is it that makes the AE-1 really different?

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This combination of technical superiority and cost economy was achieved through Canon's exhaustive research into new production techniques, especially CPU, LSI and TTL technology.

The CPU is the AE-1's "brain" that reads and interprets sensory input and analyzes the input for distribution of further information to the control sections of the AE-1. Electronic system LSI—large-scale integration—is the extensive use of electronic integrated circuits in the AE-1, so the extent that it contains 20% fewer mechanical parts than conventional SLRs, and so it is lighter, smaller and more dependable than its peers.

TTL technology makes the CPU possible, because it permits super minimization of integrated circuitry. An TTL integrated circuit chip processes ten times the amount of information as a conventional same-size IC chip. Until TTL came along, it was just impossible to conceive of something as sophisticated as the AE-1's CPU going into an electronic camera.

THE CHANGE

The technology that goes into the AE-1's production is very interesting, even if you're not an engineer. But what about changing the course of photography? The first way in which the AE-1 is changing the course of photography is in changing the way cameras are made. They will be, following the AE-1's lead: smaller, more versatile, more sophisticated, more dependable and less costly. In short, the AE-1 is leveling the vast existence of photographers to afford performance that, using yesterday's production techniques, was unobtainable for many.

And, because electronic exposure controlling photography has been made accessible through the AE-1's introduction, the AE-1 is changing the course of photography in a second, even more profound way—it is emphasizing a pushing in the age of the automatic SLR as it has not been done before.



A NEW STYLE OF PHOTOGRAPHY

Today's photography is different from yesterday's. It has its roots in photojournalism, the spontaneous depiction of life as it happens. In his quest for real emotion in his photographs, today's photographer places high emphasis on the ability of his camera to respond quickly and precisely. Precisely is the key here, because no one wants to sacrifice total technical quality for spontaneity. When you see just what the AE-1 can do, and how well it can do it, you'll see that it incorporates the best of the world of action and the best of the world of the precise photo-technician, and it does this with an ease that's astonishing.

USING THE AE-1

Canon designed the AE-1 for everyone wanting a camera that's ready to

shoot at a moment's notice. To do this, the AE-1 has to be simple to operate in an absolute sense. To make an exposure, the camera only has to tell the ASA, set the shutter speed, focus and shoot. Inside the AE-1, the silicon photo cell is activated as the shutter release is initially depressed. Light quantity is instantly measured. The ASA setting and shutter speed (as well as the time maximum aperture) are controlled by the CPU, which then decides the proper aperture. All this happens in well under 50 milliseconds. The AE-1's response is, for all practical purposes, instantaneous.



Not only is the AE-1 easy to use for any photographic, but it is as well thought out as possible. The focusing system is particularly good, with an extremely bright magnifying viewfinder made across and an engraved mirror, which prevents confusion even when using lenses as long as the FD 400mm f/5.6 S.S.C.

Since the AE-1's mirror sensitivity is correct regardless, it is used in most lighting situations, but in the most extreme backlight, a switch under the left thumb gives an instant increase of 1.5 stops. Next to this switch is another



mini switch which can be used to pre-view exposure information in the finder, or as an alternative to partial exposure of the entire negative.

One very important feature of the AE-1 is its energy-saving display. Normally the life of the IV silver oxide cell used in electronic camera is rather short. Because of the great power demands made on it, the AE-1, sequential circuit operation and special energy-saving combination on magnal drive gave the AE-1 owner at least one full year of use under normal climate and exposure conditions.

THE SUPER SENSOR
The AE-1 sensor is housed in a vacuum. It was intended to be the main component of an electronic system, including the Power Window A, Speedlite 155A and related accessories. The Power Window A isn't just a window, it's a true motor drive. Because much of the power requirements for it are in the AE-1 body, it is quite simple. With the Power Window A

the AE-1's film is advanced and shutter cocked after each exposure. At speeds above 1/60 sec., when the shutter release is held in the depressed position, the Power Window A will cycle at limits of 1/200 to 1/800 for true sequence action photography.

With the Power Window A operating in conjunction with the self-timer and a cable release, completely automatic operation of the camera is possible—the camera can shoot photographs automatically by itself. Once every ten seconds when the self-timer is changed, the shutter is locked and the motor is "OK." This is excellent for candid photography or for use in sports events or where manual photography is difficult or impossible.

As a finishing touch, the Power Window A incorporates an LED window that tells not only when the battery power is low, but also when the end of the roll has been reached. The Power Window A reveals more an accessory to the AE-1. With it, the AE-1 can realize its full potential as an instant-response photographic instrument. And because of its simplicity, the Power Window A follows the AE-1 in that of being the feature within the grasp of almost every pocket photographer.

Like the Power Window A, the Speedlite 155A is part of the total AE-1 system package. It is a flash for photographers who have to use flash, pro or



amateur. Not only does it "tell" the AE-1 when a picture should be taken (1/8 or 1/60 to ASA 1000 to use, but it will flash twice if ready light is OK automatically after the shutter speed of the AE-1 is 1/60 sec. No matter what the speed set on the AE-1's shutter speed dial, should you make an exposure before the ready light is on, the camera reverts to the automatic exposure mode. Either way, you get a correct exposure.

The Speedlite 155A is different in other ways. Its sensor matches the center-weighted sensitivity pattern of the AE-1's meter. So if you think you want to shoot centrally subjects with flash, an off-center reading is obtained and your exposure will be much more accurate than with ordinary auto electronic flash units.

Because the Speedlite 155A has the long battery life and rechargeability (the long-life battery life) at close shooting distances. So quickly in fact that it is possible for the flash to keep up with the Power Window A at almost 2 ft.

FINISHING TOUCHES

That lot of what the AE-1 can do and its features is quite extensive. Its obvious advantages you'll appreciate immediately, but some of the others are so subtle that you may not appreciate them until you've not just the camera through at home.

In terms of human engineering, the AE-1 is a small masterpiece. The battery cover serves as an action grip for the right hand. The shutter release is large

and very smooth. All controls on the camera are exceptionally visible. The shutter speed dial is serrated and can be turned by one finger. The film advance lever has a very short, positive throw and even serves as a rapid winder of sorts, because you can keep one finger on the shutter release and each time you wind the advance lever, a shot will be fired.

Special attention was paid to keeping the AE-1 as nearly as possible an "any-conditions" camera. It is very well sealed against water and dirt. Even the contacts between motor and body are protected by a soft gasket to keep out contaminants.

Nothing about the AE-1 suffers from over-engineering. The viewing system is designed in, not crammed in, so that it is truly comfortable to use and doesn't limit viewing angles when it is withdrawn close to the subject as the movies. It is the ideal blend of brightness and focusing accuracy.

A NEW DIRECTION

The AE-1 is a camera that others will try to follow. And it is a camera that will not only introduce a lot of photographers to the world of amateur film AE-1, it also accepts all FD Canon lenses for AE operation and makes Canon accessories get easy and economical photography, but will change many photographers' minds about the worthiness of electronic exposure photography.



play. It matters little whether an exposure is derived manually or automatically, except where it counts—the image. We bring you the AE-1 with the goal foremost in mind. If photographs, images are everything, and nothing can help you make them like the Canon AE-1.

This ad can only give you a small idea of what the AE-1 represents, and what it has to offer. To get the whole story, see your local Canon dealer or write: Canon Canada and Business Machines Canada Ltd., 3245 American Drive, Mississauga, Ontario, L4V 1W4.

Canon
AE-1

seemed to read and he was surprised and elated was joined in 1936. It was only when he met to introduce the girls into Washington society that a serious opinion built up against him. (Sleeping with the house rules was one thing, but one down the line at dinner, always with him.) By the time of the 1940 election, Johnson's political career, the retired Army Jackson, pronounced him a "dead end." Jackson was stronger on fighting than anything, and he was deeply from the Democratic ticket. He insisted on staying away, with a slogan to reward Americans of his early role as a hero of the Indian war "Bumpey, Bumpey, Colne Johnson don't know!" The magazine failed, and he lost.

See was becoming a political liability Jackson suggested to another of his protégés, James Knox Polk, that he get married and raise his "predecessor's children" to be Polk's. Polk complied and rose to become President, one of the young of his country that arrived with the election of Abraham Lincoln. In Jackson's retirement in 1870 to the campaign of 1844 that brought General Cleveland to the White House.

Cleveland was a successful politician and businessman who, with the aid of a wealthy widow, Mrs. Maria Holmes, fathered an illegitimate child in 1824. He was before he ran for President. He so kidnapped the child and contributed to its support but wasn't really happy about it when in the middle of the 1844 campaign, the story broke in a newspaper about the headline "MARRIAGE TALK." Cleveland's campaign manager was so angry by the report and Cleveland advised him to "tell the truth." The voters were then told to see eleven sons, one that was "Abner, Blaine, James G. Blaine, Cassius M. Clay, and the rest of them." And the other "Ma! Ma! Where's my girl? Give to the White House! Ha! Ha! Ha! Nevertheless, Cleveland served two (non-secutive) terms and a generally paid to be the most effective President before Abe Lincoln and Teddy Roosevelt.

The new President to have his name passed before the people was decidedly ineffective. He was Warren G. Harding, of Ohio. W. L. Macaulay later wrote "No other man complete and dreadful name to be found in the pages of American history." As a senator, it's hard to find a Harding carried on two terms simultaneously, and with the wife of a merchant in his hometown of Mansfield, Ohio, which apparently ended when he became President in 1920, that other with another woman's girl, Nan Britton, which child, Miss Britton was 31 years younger than Harding, who was 35 when elected, and she must have been a comfort to him. His wife, known as the Duchess, was five years older than he was and possessed of a fierce mind and rough disposition. Nan was a dinger, and something of a stingy but luxurious. She treated

Harding in Washington, even in the White House, and he visited her in hotels. Once, when he was still a senator, they were engaged in an exchange of views in a New York hotel when the police burst in on them. But the cops weren't, clashing their hats, when they discovered that they had flushed a senator. Harding picked them 339. The British affair was hardly a secret—especially after Nan curiously gave a birth in 1919—but didn't become generally known until after Harding's death in 1923. Nan wrote a highly suggestive book called *The President's Daughter*, which contained a shrewd pick for part of Harding's career for their daughter (she

didn't get a date). But discretion was what Harding's strong suit, besides the baby, he will be back in time to Mrs. Charles Phillips he either lady friend. In one addressed to "Came Darling, Sweetest, Adorable," he wrote that "I wanted to kiss you out of your mouth—a thousand of them, would, wild, wet and wondering." "After this, it gets dirty, with talk of bloody houses and matches comes, body given and divine passages.

Franklin D. Roosevelt also engaged in personal escapades which were concealed during his lifetime. So did Dwight Eisenhower, whose childhood, sexuality and status (all the same person) has a



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book coming out posthumously about their sister he did John F. Kennedy. Publishers weren't doing it then, they were dithering up before until Congressman William Mills, beset by booze and the charms of singer Fannie Brice, left into the Washington Tidal Basin in 1974, and Elizabeth Ray emerged to point a finger at Congressman Wayne Hays this year.

The season of the American people to these revelations—is in fact to tell the insinuations on Capitol Hill today supercharged, not for all the paranoia of the McCarthy years—stem from a number of factors. The scandal broke at a time when Congress is in bad odor and American politics, free of embankments, given a choice between discussing acts, the Panama Canal and the de-regulation of natural gas, Washingtonians tend to age for size. There is also substantial women's lib content to the furor. Women have been and are said to be in charge in Washington, on elsewhere, and at least some of the fury that has attended this scandal reflects a rejection of that worn-out custom. And finally, there is the fact that Elizabeth Ray's revelations have made her a good deal of money and—the American being a compensatory people—served to stimulate rivals. Almost alone Colbie Cochrane, another congressional aide, said that her clients included sleeping with her boss, Representative John Young.

Now hardly a day goes by without someone somewhere bubbling up to denounce a game of stop-fiddle with a senator or congressman. Utah Congressman Allan Hays has arrested in Salt Lake City and later convicted of seducing and forcing his two red-haired police-women posing as prostitutes. Then Louisiana Congressman Joe D. Wigginton admitted a run-in with Washington police-prostitute decoys, but said it was an effort to "bring her in." The police promptly released him when he established his congressional credentials in keeping with a 100-year-old policy, which has since been abandoned, of avoiding arrest of members of Congress. Then there were allegations against Senator Harry Byrd of Virginia by a congressman who claimed, despite his denials, that when she came to him for help with a constituency problem, he seduced her instead. Then Congressman Charles Wank of Ohio allowed that he had kept a former prostitute on the payroll of his district office even after she became ill and could do no work. Wank said he didn't know about the lady's past, and kept her on out of compassion. There was also a spin-off from the original Elizabeth Ray story when the Washington papers published a claim that she had maintained Senator Mike Gravel of Alaska on a lawsuit owned by former Congressman Kenneth Gray of Illinois, her former boss. Gravel denied the reports but concerns over the case with which approved stories are being spread has not dented the order of those seeking yet more revelations. ☐

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erty stands in the name of the State—the State is the daughter of apartheid—all-alienation is suppressed. While workers too are told to ascribe their legitimate claims on behalf of apartheid. It is easiest to tolerate apartheid in alienation. It is schizophrenic—a mental disease marked by discontinuity between thought, feelings and actions. It is paranoiac. Apartheid is White culture. The culture of the Whites in South Africa—the state of whiteness, the prison of laws and taboos—negates all political claims to justice. Apartheid justifies itself in the name of Western civilization. The culture of the Afrikaners, who are what is Afrikaner culture? Who are the Afrikaners?

They are Dutch, Huguenot and German, but they think of themselves as African. They are a white tribe of about 35 million centered in the end of a continent of 300 million blacks. Their economy is the foremost industrial power on the African continent, and they enjoy one of the highest standards of living in the world. They are determined, resourceful and efficient people. They have a sense of superiority born out of race and faith; they have a sincere view of their own history and destiny. But their prominence is based on two factors: abundant minerals and an abundant supply of cheap black labor.

It was in the 19th century, according to the historian van Jaarsveld, that Afrikaners began to develop their prejudiced conceptions of race. "When the white population of the Cape Colony was transplanted to South Africa, that they were Afrikaners and, like the Irishmen among English people, could lose their identity unless they clung to their white heritage," he wrote, and as a result of this development, "the Afrikaners came to regard themselves as a distinct race, a people of God. One of the first and the Afrikaners' Calvinist faith came to convince that God spoke to the Afrikaners through Prime Minister Pieter Smuts, who instructed the people that he said: "One must be a Calvinist in the 20th century." We hold this responsible in our desire that it was given us by the Archbishops of the diocese. His view was the formation of a new nation among the nations of the world, and the Afrikaners were not concerned in a matter which meant for a divine plan. Indeed, the history of the Afrikaners reveals a will and a determination which makes one feel that Afrikaners are the work of men, but the creation of God.

Afrikans and their history, however, are most complex than the assumption of the mantle of God. Everything about them is problematical.

On one hand, they are fierce individualists; at the same time they have always submitted to tribal authority. Both traits spring from the same instinct: the survival of the Fula, the Afrikaner nation, a nation and a language created *ex nihilo* by cowards. It's doubtful that they should have been there, hence there; they should not have



A segregated footbridge in Cape Town
"Our history," said Prime Minister
Mandela, "is the greatest masterpiece of
the centuries"

survived. But the act of survival was an act of defiance and creation—the creation of the Afrikaner who came to define himself in terms of fears and enemies overcome: the harsh terrain, the native peoples, British imperialists, capitalists, liberals, Communists, benevolent missionaries. It is possible that without its enemies the Afrikaner nation would never have survived.

South Africa is, on the whole, a man and an infertile soil desperately short of water. The Afrikaner settler, who now called themselves Boers, eked out only a meagre living by owning a lot of land and by having black labour. The Boers set themselves apart from his black slaves by his uncompromising faith which told him the black tribes of Africa were the sons of Ham, condemned forever of wood and drawers of water "whose fate came out from among them and be ye precious, with the Lord, and touch not the precious things."

and I will retrieve you." Coplan with the Daughters of Ham was a son and led in the defilement of white skin. The Boer because he cannot obtain him a "lovely element . . . something unique with its own beauty and value, believed that God had brought forth his people with joy, and his chosen with gladness, and gave them the lands of the heavens, and they acknowledged the labor of the people." Though the Boer thought the black man and captured the soil of Africa, he lived in fear that these same blacks will wrack the land from him, thus in the *swart gevaar*, the black peril.

The Boers had the blacks strictly in hand until 1836, when the British occupied the Cape. The liberal policy of the British toward the blacks seemed a provocation and a threat to the Afrikaners. The British employed black police and took away wheat goats; they set up a circuit court to hear mistreated slave complaints against Afrikaner masters; they brought out Scottish missionaries for the Dutch Reformed Church and Englishmen taught in the country schools. In 1835, when a number

of Boston reflected their men were charged in front of their families, and when the gallows were erected, the men were taken away. This was the beginning of English and Afrikaner blood had flowed. In 1838, after the abolition of slavery led to raised Boer farms, a Boer rose up and went out of the Cape and began the Great Trek to the north. They were led by the Voortrekkers, with broad-brimmed hats and muskets, forded the Orange River. This was the beginning of their sacred history, so-called, their entering into a covenant with God. Permeated by the female (Phulo) heathen, the Boers were afraid. They trekked east and north into Zulu lands. "The rank swarmed with thousands of women. No human help was possible. The grass was matted with the noble blood of women, girls, and baby boys. The women, the slaves, and the women were sent on ahead of the larger. Andries Pretorius arrived with his base band to enter with them and they fought the memorable battle of Blood River on December 16, 1838, where the solemn oath was sworn that the Boers would win in the glory of the Lord if He would grant them victory." Five hundred white men faced a Zulu army of 10,000. When the battle was over the Afrikaners had slain with swords and musketry 1,000 warriors, and the Boers were left with only 300. They are the band of David. They built a church in Blood River.

Since then, the central message in the Afrikaner imagination has been the larger the armed camp, the circle of covered wagons from which they could defend themselves, Kaffir hordes, British soldiers, Black Africa and, if necessary, the world—if only they remained true to God and the Volk. Not since then have the Boers been seriously threatened by the Black peoples of Southern Africa. Flee from the British, they founded the republics of the Orange Free State and the Transvaal Republic, where they dealt with the blacks as they could.

It has to be understood, though, that the differences between the Boers and British did not revolve solely around the blacks. The Boers were land people; the British were money people. Trademark shagbarks, the British had a taste for all the comforts and luxuries goods and services all for money. The Boers needed only gunpowder, salt, sugar and coffee, and that they got by bartering sheep and produce. The Transvaal sett, however, contained the seeds of the Boer collapse—their meager gold deposits in the world—the Rand. The Boers had no money, and they had to use some of their land to buy gold, gold ore and trucks and trucks on. But by the 1890s, they knew how to go. To the east lay Portuguese Mozambique, to the north, British Rhodesia, to the south, Natal, a Boer Republic annexed by the British, and to the west, the Cape Province, that the Boers had left to the British. The Boers had no money, but they could offer assistance to the British.

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[illegible]

South Korea. The August 1988 murder of two U.S. servicemen by North Koreans in the tourist resort village of Pungmuang and the increased tension between the two Koreas that followed has given added fuel to the lobby's mission.

Directed by the effort in South Korea's non-federal president, Park Chung Hee, who runs the country like a dictator from his "blue house" in Seoul. To hold onto his base of congressional support, Park, on the whole of politics with gifts, personal favors and other forms of "assistance" distributed by his lobbyists to powerful senators and congressmen.

Sam [full name] South Nix Park Theron, secretary in the office of Carl Albert, the democratic speaker of the House of Representatives, is a lobbyist for the lobby of Park's agents work. Albert, a shrewd Oklahoma Democrat, uses her as a negotiator with other congressmen.

Three years ago Robert Leggett, one of the highest congressmen from California, took an interest in South Korea. He has a mission, a fact he recently acknowledged under pressure from the CIA. She introduced him to friends at the South Korean Embassy and a team there of the CIA he met them have since been identified as congressional intelligence agents of the Korean Central Intelligence Agency. Leggett now is being investigated by the CIA congressional intelligence unit and by the Internal Revenue Service, which is interested in allegations that he may have taken bribes from President Park. Leggett has not been Sam's only visitor in Congress. There have been at least three others. Unhatched, the CIA's holding parties attended mainly to introduce politicians to South Korean intelligence units. "They [the intelligence unit] all look the same," she says. "All the same in the same. They all have black hair and dark hair."

At 57, the Reverend Moon has followed a different but no less effective route. He has built his Unification Church into a powerful force with recruiting centers in 130 U.S. cities and on college campuses. Thousands of young people work full time in the Moon organization. He teaches them to follow orders and the order, not integrity, send them to Congress to campaign for a strong defense for South Korea. There are suspicious the organization may be a front for the Korean CIA.

Tongpan Park is an even more mysterious figure than the others. During the last five years he has lived openly in Washington, going to law firms, but has politically influential friends and arranging five trips to Seoul for them, among other things.

Whether President Gerald Ford or Democratic hopeful Jimmy Carter is elected in November, however, it seems almost certain there will be arms reductions in Korea next year, something that even the combined talents of Sam, the Reverend Moon and the debaucher Park will be unable to stop.

WILLIAM LEWIS

China after Mao: the only certainty is uncertainty

The new uncertainties on Radio Peking brought a disconcerting silence to the capital's less affluent crowds. A sudden voice issued the warning that in 30 months there would be a grave and important decision. Hundreds of workers huddled cross-legged on the ground around loudspeakers and radio sets, waiting, glances.



Mao: the Long March is finally ended

faced for news that many had expected and dreaded for months. Mao Tse-tung, perhaps the greatest revolutionary of the 20th century, died at the age of 82. He passed away in a long, cryptic series of illnesses, left nearly a quarter of a hundred—800 million people—without a clearly defined leadership or direction. Throughout much of the rest of the world the death of the legendary Communist statesman left a profound sense of loss and uncertainty about who will eventually inherit his mantle as the head of modern China. Tributes to Mao from most national leaders were lavish. But in many Western capitals there was muted disapproval for a strong defense for South Korea. There are suspicious the organization may be a front for the Korean CIA.

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for the Chinese leadership after Mao's departure. In the days immediately following his death, there was no one to sight who could take Mao's place in China's overwhelmingly dominant figure, the master military strategist and political tactician who transformed the country into a modern state.

A consensus seemed to be emerging among analysts that a transitional collective form of leadership will likely emerge, built around the now premier Huo Ke-feng, relatively unknown both within and outside China until he was promoted to premier and first vice-chairman of the Communist Party last April following the downfall of Teng, accused of being a "capitalist roader." Since then he has managed to tighten his grip on the leadership to some extent. He headed party reform efforts after the devastating earthquake in south-



Mao (above) in pre ten moment, but the future could belong to Wang (below)



China in late July. Recently on a major speech, he called for "strict" resolutions of law and order in the country against "class enemies." But it is not clear how much actual support he enjoys within the party or what extent he was capable of this office because he found himself with Mao.

The three other surviving members of the standing committee who might meet a role in a collective leadership are: Wang Hsiang-wa, a youthful leader from Shanghai who gained prominence during the Cultural Revolution in the late 1960s and was selected by Mao in 1973 as a possible heir, vice-premier Chang Chun-chiao, perhaps the toughest administrator of the national scene, and Yao Wen-yuan, a propaganda expert. They have all worked with Mao's wife, Chiang Ching and she too, considered a potential successor.

Mao Tse-tung was born December 26, 1893, in a rural part of Hunan Province. China at the time was wracked by civil strife, buffeted by poverty and ex-

hausted by more advanced foreign powers. But the young Mao would live to fulfill his boyhood dream of restoring it to its tradition as a great nation. With strong perseverance and carefully planned strategy, he harnessed the forces of capital and democracy and managed to turn a very broad of peasants into an army of soldiers, which he led to victory throughout China in 1949 after 22 years of fighting. In the years after the People's Republic of China was established, he led his army in a series of profound, sometimes controversial campaigns to transform a semi-feudal, illiterate agricultural society into an emerging modern four million square miles into a modern, semi-industrial socialist state. With China's emergence as a superpower, Mao turned to China's role in foreign affairs, putting an end to a century of Western rule at the hands of Japan and the West and regaining respect and recognition. Finally, in 1972, when the United States and the two sides of the Middle East, he led President Richard Nixon flew to Peking when he was embraced by a smiling Mao. One of the most remarkable men of the century, the Chinese leader was an intensely complex man, an imperialist, a brilliant strategist, a leader—a legacy from his own personal battles—mother—he was also stern, shrewd, demanding, abusive, even cruel. Describing himself as "part monkey, part tiger" Mao was also fond of women, although he ignored them until his late twenties. He refused to consummate his first marriage, arranged by his parents. His second wife was murdered by an anti-Communist whistler in 1930 but he never spoke. He Tse-tung, born with an unknown number of children. Unfortunately, the children he grew were his parents during the legendary Long March in 1934 as the Communists fled south from the advancing Nationalist forces. The man used to have driven He must and she went to Moscow for treatment. While he was away, Mao met and married a film starlet, Chiang Ching, the beauty queen, who later to become a power in her own right during the Cultural Revolution.

Maotung took full control of the Chinese Communists in 1935 following a series of power struggles with rival. One of his most vocal opponents was Chang Kuo-tai, a man who rivaled Mao in armed strength and authority. After losing the struggle, Chang joined the Nationalists and eventually made his way to Canada. New ennobled and at 78, he predicted from his Toronto exile that Mao's death would lead to a serious fight for the leadership. "It is difficult to say whether the struggle would involve bloodshed," Chang told an interviewer. He demanded to be judged against Mao. "We all have passed our time. Like me, Mao was a mortal being and death is merely a matter of time."

After doing Chiang Kuo-tai's Na-

tional forces from the mainland in 1949, Mao's foreign policy problems came thick and fast. When United Nations forces began moving toward the Yalu River in the Korean War at the start of the 1950s he made the decision to send thousands of "volunteers" from the Chinese army to support the North Korean. Taking a massive air attack from the United States. The attack never developed, the Chinese acquired themselves well and Mao turned his strategy to Moscow who at the time were already beginning to deteriorate with Soviet leader Joseph Stalin, who shifted China's economic development policies. Tensions mounted steadily and in 1960 the Soviets abruptly withdrew all their technicians from China. That crisis resulted in Mao's decision in 1969 when Soviet Union Chinese parades clanked along the frozen banks of the Ussuri River. Afterward, Mao's growing belief that Russia was the present threat to world peace enabled him to take a more cautious view of the West and began to move away from a general improvement in relations, developed by President Nixon's 1972 visit.

To revitalize China, to change the party and to ensure the revolution survived him, Mao initiated the Great Cultural Revolution in 1966. He acknowledged later that his consequences he did not foresee. Hundreds of thousands of youngsters were mobilized as Red Guards. Cities were, groups to fighting among themselves they seized the country's banks and destroyed Mao's opponents in the past. After two years of turmoil and bloodshed, order was finally restored.

Mao's vision of China in his last years was of an egalitarian, revolutionary Utopia in which man consumed alone. Mao's death in 1976 was a tragedy. He witnessed the tremendous energy of the masses, he once wrote "On the Foundation it is possible to accomplish any task whatsoever." The last Edgar Snow, an American journalist and author who in 1956, Mao's death, he wrote, "I have witnessed the tremendous energy of the masses," he once wrote "On the Foundation it is possible to accomplish any task whatsoever." The last Edgar Snow, an American journalist and author who in 1956, Mao's death, he wrote, "I have witnessed the tremendous energy of the masses," he once wrote "On the Foundation it is possible to accomplish any task whatsoever." Mao's death in 1976 was a tragedy. He witnessed the tremendous energy of the masses, he once wrote "On the Foundation it is possible to accomplish any task whatsoever." Mao's death in 1976 was a tragedy. He witnessed the tremendous energy of the masses, he once wrote "On the Foundation it is possible to accomplish any task whatsoever."

HAROLD KALB/REUTERS; KEN KOFFER

People

If the American Dental Association named **Jimmy Carter** best-toothed man of the year, nobody would be surprised, and maybe it's no big astounding thing either when he's designated one of the 10 best-dressed men in the United States by the Polo Foundation of America. He does, after all, dress nice. But there is one prize, and it's this: Jimmy Carter has his



Carter: the man makes the clothes

such off the rack—only before they even get to the rack. From a factory order to a place called Bowdoin, Georgia. He pays about \$180 each for slacks (\$125 if a vest is involved) in a 19% discount for buying direct and buying goods a good customer. It all started back in 1963 when Carter and LaNor Pleasant, who owns the factory, served in the Georgia State Senate together. Pleasant, an perennial clothes-to-occupant of *The White House*, was asked if President Carter would be getting an even better deal than ex-Governor Carter. "No," he replied, "he's the type of guy who wouldn't want any special breaks."

Not a few Canadian artists have attained international status, and many of them (like Jack Black and page 60) are more known abroad than in their own land. But **Rita Lenz** is the distinctive painter with the minimalist canvases, and her husband **Kenneth Blum** is of the museum-scavenger kind who buys before and sells after they married in 1962. They have been represented more than 70 shows worldwide. And their works hang or stand in most Co-

median cities. But next month, at New York's prestigious Art Fair Gallery, Lenz and Blum will be participating in a show



Blum and Lenz: doubly satisfied

ring that is almost certainly unique in the history of art—and not simply because it is a husband-and-wife art installation. It is also a two-piece exhibition, his newest watercolor, stainless-steel sculpture (11 feet high, 16 feet wide) and her latest painting (5½ feet high, 40 feet long). Daring is a city with little to cheer about these days, the only championship it's in the making for being member-pretends. As the handful artists drawn to an end, the Tynes, its awards are well out of it—just every four days or so the fine old due back and intact as it was the last game of the World Series. These are the days on which **Mark Fidrych** pitches. Fidrych, the former good pitcher, must. Darryl Davis, talks to himself and then he throws, then puts people, and whether he wins or loses (he was 15-14 last year) the fans call it out for success post-game. And he is so damnably popular. Examples Mark is sportswear king what any one of you could have on the eve of your mark victory. "Well, to tell you the truth, I sit up there in the clock of view thirty and I like to go out and get laid."

The rest of the *King Kong* film to be one of the greatest examples of prouling in the history of advertising. Full-page ads and posters were circulating before the first camera started to roll. Picking up the case, the producers of *Superman* had taken out a four-page ad in *Variety*, self-congratulating a jerry: **Marlon Brando** to play Superman's Kryptonian father, **Jon-E**, and **Gene Hackman** to play his arch-enemy, **Luthor**. But Superman is a long way from



Raycape and Brander Superages

being shot to death in a sealed rocket. In fact, he hasn't even been cast. **James Caan** is supposed to have raised about three million dollars to play the lead, but there is some likelihood of the part just go to (about) **Burt Reynolds**.

Longtime in a display of journalistic ethics, rarely seen, a cable reporter named **Wendy Jackson** migrated from *The New York Times*. The grounds were, primarily, that *Mailbox* (May 31, 1978) that the editor and some members of the editorial staff were in the middle of sleeping pills from *Waco*. **Lee Don Washburn**, *Waco's* public relations man, the magazine of *Waco's* own's errand—his refusal to talk to her got her focused from the latest best and led to her moral outrage—also quit his job. *New Jackson* is the right copy editor at the *Ottawa Citizen*. And guess what? *Waco* is now in Ottawa in the night for the Canadian Cable Television Association. And since cable-TV promises to be a hot topic for some time to come, *Waco's* probabilities are it regularly be placed before Jackson for editing. However, "I'd probably go to it on somebody else. I wouldn't be right."



Jack Jones: the view from the window seat

Business

It's not a case of "Brascan Go Home"—but that may be the result



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Brascan Investments
in Asia \$100
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Brascan Investments
in Africa \$100
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Brascan Investments
in Oceania \$100
100% of time
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Figure in millions of dollars unless otherwise noted. 1978 Annual Report.

"Liquidity." The venerable Montreal-based stockbroker's confidential recommendation to his institutional clients earlier this year was harsh but to the point. Although Brascan Ltd. shares are trading on the Toronto Stock Exchange at only \$17, and giving a not-distant dividend, the company has problems at home and abroad.

Brascan, with assets of \$1.25 billion, is the sixth largest industrial corporation in Canada. It has in the past employed 12,000 people. Its shareholders are mostly members of the Liberal political party, as is the case with the other two major Canadian companies, Alcan and Inco. Brascan's 39 subsidiaries are holding 11.5 percent of Canada's total production of oil. The bulk of its assets are in resource exploitation and public utilities, exactly the areas Canadian politicians would argue should be controlled by Canadians—but these are in Brazil, in 1973, as Brascan Trustee, Lights and Power Co., the company was the franchise to provide power to São Paulo and Rio de Janeiro. It's been there ever since, and by 1990 was running many of Brazil's essential services: telephone, electricity, gas, transportation and water. Since then, it has returned from many of these holdings, and now its major interests in Brazil, 11% of its assets, are in electrical utility, Lights Services de Eletrodinâmica S.A., the largest private company in Brazil, bigger than either Ontario Hydro or Consolidated Edison. Brascan has gone to considerable

lengths to Brazilianize an asset holding. The rumor is that when Brascan sought to purchase land on the state of Bahia, it sent one of its executives to see it on the property from the anonymity of a new bag. Two Brazilians are aware that Lights is interested, that the government knows.

The Brazilian Army, which entered control of the economy in a bloodless coup in 1964, intervened in the economy more systematically than perhaps any government outside the Communist bloc. Lights is a highly regulated monopoly, which has been allowed a generous return on its investment. Last year the government suddenly altered the ground rules to reduce the rate base on which the earnings of Lights are calculated. That, plus heavy increases in costs and taxes and a reversion of Brazil's old problem of hyperinflation all piling up to cut Lights's earnings for the first time in many years in anyone could remember. The industry government nationalized Brascan's telephone operation in 1966, and although Brazil's political and economic climate is not likely to grow warmer in the immediate future, the company is pursuing a limited diversification program, like a giant octopus struggling for a hold on any available rock. The Brazilian government welcomes Canadian capital coming into the country, but it doesn't insist to prevent that capital from—excluding the \$96 million Brascan will receive for its telephone operations. And the rapidly weakening Brazilian economy assures that 66% of Lights's assets must also remain in Brazil. Trapped,

Brascan's money has been lent by government tax incentives and investments, then most probably in consideration credit, as well as a half of finance last year. Last year, they turned in a collective loss of close to \$10 million.

In Canada, unable to draw on its Brazilian assets and forced to use the expensive Brazilian for its own investment capital, Brascan's diversification has been slow and troubled. It now has interests in Great Lakes Power Corp. Ltd. (with some hydroelectric plants), 36% of Canadian Cable Television (cable TV and movie distribution), and Transcan (aircraft banking). Last year, an attempt to get control of Ashland Oil Canada was quietly followed by Ashland's U.S. parent, a 15% holding in EIP Oil estimated to be \$20 million worth off. This year, a take-over of Western Canada Petroleum aborted, another \$10 million was written off when Brascan decided to take up its option to buy control of the Saskatchewan oil company in British Columbia, and Brascan's international trading arms failed to make money and had to be sold. Brascan paid its usual dividend this year, but revealed a 10% stock dividend, blaming the Anso-Inflection. In less-than-convincing words.

Brascan's diversification began under John Moore, a local establishment figure who became something of a folk hero when he helped reorganize Lafarge in 1967. In which, he became chairman, and Brascan's international trading arms failed to make money and had to be sold. Brascan paid its usual dividend this year, but revealed a 10% stock dividend, blaming the Anso-Inflection. In less-than-convincing words.

REINHOLD STARK

Trudeauomics: the disturbing thing is not its direction, but the lack of it

Business column by Peter Brimelow



Schumpeter is Trudeau one of the people he worried us about!

In its glorious story of Canada, *Forwards* recently concluded that private business in these northern latitudes is at the mercy of politicians, not quoted Pierre Trudeau as laying out what he bankers were "the most bodacious of all." The full transcript of *Forwards* interview with the Prime Minister has now been released in Ottawa. The magazine only used a fraction of it, and it's hard to see why. Like a famished whodung being off a board's incoming hand, Trudeau interrupted the interviewer after six words with a question of his own, and he seemed to promise the whodung not so reluctantly that the whole exchange teetered on fate. But for Canadians, the transcript shares a hard glare on Trudeau's economic views. There are key sentences you can quote over lunch coffee: conventional evidence that Trudeau is a Communist influence. Here, however, he affirms his belief that the means of production should remain in private hands (although what that means in the present regulatory climate is debatable). Nevertheless, the transcript shows that his grasp of economics is remarkably idiosyncratic, and sometimes just at odds with reality.

Despite a certain familiarity with their jargon, Trudeau just doesn't think like a practicing economist. For example, he repeats the standard canon of free market theory—that a pure free market has never existed in Canada—quite disregarding the

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Sports

The 'Great Canadian Game' now truly belongs to the world

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Reardon stopping Gierke, and Milen Kefauver looks like there's no more room to move

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goal, firing Team Canada to shoot from the point. More often than not, the puck ricocheted off a body, sliding haphazardly into a corner. At the other end, Roger Vachon was no less formidable stopping Frenchkies and Soviet tankers. In three hours, for 35 minutes and 41 seconds the teams skated back and forth without producing a goal. But with 4:08 to play Vladimir Martynov stole the puck from Deryl Stitt at the Canadian blue line and fed a pass to Keith Aeppli. Deryl's defenseless, Gary Lagarde with his Augustus wide wing, dropping the puck back for Martin Norvi, who quickly swept it under a sprawling Vachon. In a silent dressing room afterwards, Vachon recalled the thought: "We would go for the far corner and I think he was aiming there, but missed the shot. Obviously, it's not the end of the world."

The 1-0 loss to Czechoslovakia raked Team Canada's complacency. They had enjoyed very well and still lost and though Davidson's outstanding lead earned them several more goals who was to say that? Vladimir Yashin, namesake of previous Team Canada's in 1972 and '74, would not be equally upstaging. "This team could play another 40 or 50 games without being shut out again," said Phil Esposito. "We've got too much firepower." But others were not so confident. And of the Canadians lost to the Russians, Team Canada would be eliminated from the event.

Aside from potentially unbearable Soviet outperforming, the Canadian coaching staff harbored several misgivings about their own team. The Montreal line of Guy Lafleur, Pierre Moret and Steve Shand had not performed anywhere near its potential. Moret's play especially appeared to be lacking in a light case. Despite solid efforts in three exhibition games, centre Esposito was clearly not in shape—and his aggression on the ice was against the play of teammates Bobby Hall and Murray Doan. Right winger Reggie Leach had missed the net so many times that observers were beginning to wonder how he possibly scored 61 goals in the 1975-76 NHL season. And Bobby Orr, returning from a 16-month injury and his fifth operation on his left knee, was simply not the player he used to be. (Though even in slow motion he was better than most of the others.) "He's not the guy who can go out and grab a game by the throat," observed Dwyer. "He's still a very effective defenseman, maybe the best. But the last thing he should have to go through is being injured with his knee. He can't be the same. You can't expect him to be the same."

Orr wasn't the only one who had changed. In what seems the casual aftermath of the entire tournament, the Soviet Union decided to jettison one of the world's best hockey players from its team: Vladimir Alexandrov Yakushev, Vladimir Petrov, Boris Mikhailov, Gennadiy Tsygankov, Vladimir Shadrin and Yuri Lashin (another player, flashy winger Valery Kharlamov, was repossessing from the

side). Injuries occurred in a car accident, Team USSR was, by common agreement, a poor ensemble of the well-used players seen in previous series. "We are building for the future," stated Soviet head coach Robert Chervinskiy solemnly. "Perhaps the players left at home might not have missed as many opportunities to score. But this is the new generation. It takes time to mature."

Most hockey analysts, however, viewed the Soviet headlining in a greater sense, as a sign that the nation's strategy on ice. "That series with the NHL—even though they won five of eight games—taught them that their pack attack game wasn't against the best North American teams," said Blower. "Merkel just saying 'You'll see a dramatic change.' Merkel was right, physically more aggressive than previous squads, the current Team USSR had also adopted the North American style of

the day discussing strategy with Team Canada coaches and among themselves, and in the dressing room before the game, there was silence. "There's 17,000 people out there and millions more on television who are watching they were in our home," said Denis Petrov. "We're representing a hell of a lot of people." (Among them was Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau who requested and received 42 box seats for his entourage, forming several organizing officials and the head of the Soviet delegation to take cheaper tickets in the "boxee.") Most Canadians, of course, saw the series on television—country of Carling O'Keefe beverages and the CTV network. The television paid a record \$2.5 million for 30% of the Canadian sponsorship but spoiled an otherwise flawless promotional effort by taking between period segments to lead the company's various sports apparel programs. One ad man went on at length about how he supervised the design and forging of the Canada Cup trophy. More seriously, the brand misstep of CTV's on-air crew had somehow erred passing off as real and Hockey Night in Canada the organization that produced regular NHL telecasts. Color commentator Tom Watt at one point accused Team Canada "in offensive penalty for holding, while expert analyst Vladimir Gerasimov told a dozen downer while observing a single deceptively correct about any team. Perhaps reacting to the criticism, CTV executive producer Johnny Dawe belatedly hired Ken Dryden, one of hockey's best-known players, for the last few telecasts.

In the season of the Soviet-Canada match, most Canadians were willing to ignore the network's misstep. Playing in their game of the tournament, Team Canada continually pressed the Soviets in their own zone, and refused to let Russian wings take the long, breaking pass up to Canada's most successful offensive player, Esposito with hockey's all-time stickhandler, Gilbert Perreault. "The toughest defense I've ever had is to put a fullie like Phil Esposito on the bench," said Stoley. "Esposito later 'Bai Perreault' turned it around for us, setting up Hall's goal and narrowly missing several others."

In that, the same might have been a gift but for the formidable Tsygankov. "I frankly thought he kept them in the game," noted Glenn Resch, who watched Tsygankov directly behind the Soviet net. "The more I see him, the more I love it as his body moves. He's very seldom off balance. He's almost like a ballet dancer."

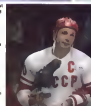
In the dressing room afterwards, even before the hair dryer had been turned off, Team Canada was looking ahead to its rematch with Czechoslovakia. Said captain Bobby Clarke. "The Czechs are better in their own end than the Soviets and they take the body better. They take you right out of the play." The final, Clarke promised, would be one the Canada Cup of its own.

Michael Posner



The Championship: top left to bottom right Phil Esposito, disturbed at being checked by a Phil player, responds with an elbow. Boyce Selman, Yuri Lashin and Gilbert Perreault play the Soviet Union in a fight against the Soviet 2-2, 0-2, 0-2. In typical fashion, Bobby Orr strips the line defense to test Markus Mattsson.

Jiri Holacek of Czechoslovakia confirms to Soviet Vladimir Kovin that he is the best defenseman in European hockey. Bobby Orr, taking a demerol pill over 11:00 on the 1975-76 season, established that his knee could take the punishment. Sergei Gerasimov Alexander Matveyev, one of the few headliners from '72, chokes his award as last Russian player in the game lost to the Canadian. Network sensation Phil Esposito's Phil Esposito appears ready to be taken by Bobby Clarke, who missed Game Two with an ankle problem.



Science

The Bomb and how to get it, the threat and how to curb it



Muskrat has been living with the Bomb for more than three decades now and like the program report offered by the open-pipe fellow in mid-plunge from a skyscraper, it's been a "so far so good." Data predictions to the contrary, none yet has set off a nuclear spark and blown up the planet. But with almost every passing day, new firms are in nuclear technology and weapons-making capability proliferate through an energy-rich world. The nuclear club is no longer exclusively made up of superpowers: besides the United States and Soviet Union, Britain, France, China and India are stockpiling weapons. Moreover, several smaller, less visible nations appear to have reached the club's threshold of nuclear stockpiles. The fact that several of these prospective members—Israel, Egypt, Taiwan, South Korea, South Africa, Argentina and Brazil—find themselves in the neighborhood has led some nations and diplomats to worry aloud that they might be drawn to use the Bomb in a local crisis. All naturally deny any intention to bring an Armageddon opportunity, but threaten retreat.



to in 1980. "Muskrat may be slowly drifting toward World War III."

The moral dilemma confronting open-pipe energy for peaceful purposes and whether or not these benefits can be safely shared by less developed nations. As the Moscow Press Tribune once put it: "If they [developing nations] should not be required to accept the whole? However, the problems posed by nuclear power plants are demonstrably enormous. The radioactive fuel of plutonium is a nuclear by-product, but has been estimated at a minimum 20,000 years—which obviously poses a disposal and storage nightmare. One U.S. scientist, Alvin M. Weinberg, has suggested that mankind will have to develop a nuclear priesthood to stand guard over man's radioactive legacy." The great war demand of secrecy for this magical energy source was both a vigilance and a longevity of our racial institutions that we are quite unaccustomed to," he observes.

In recent weeks, the debate over proliferation of nuclear energy, and tech present conflicts in Brazil economic warfare and Lord Caledonia have dashed doomsday scenarios of the slide into global modernization nightmare. Leaving the women, who have failed in the 1980s to ban the bomb, would now at least like to curb it. It is their unspoken belief in Murphy's Law: "If something can go wrong, it will." It is a chilling prospect to consider

ing countries, including Canada, promised under a 1966 treaty not to help other nations acquire nuclear weapons. But at University of Chicago professor Albert Weisberger notes: "They are not precisely and explicitly prohibited from exporting facilities and materials that might be used in an ongoing capacity to within a few hours of a capability to export a bomb."

Embarrassed two years ago when India surprised the world by announcing a nuclear device (later having bought a Canadian reactor), Canada has been seeking an enhanced safeguards treaty in connection. Proposed sales to South Korea and Argentina, for example, were held up while Ottawa officials negotiated guarantees. Earlier this year, External Affairs Minister Alex Macpherson told the Commons he was troubled that both Seoul and Buenos Aires had made commitments "which fully met international standards and Canadian safeguards policy." Canada and Pakistan, which is forever looking nervously toward India, have been engaged in protracted discussions over safeguards. The Pakistanis guarantee have been negotiating with the French government to purchase facilities.

Once as they continue to market their wares, the leading nuclear nations share the consequences of proliferation. They have banded together in a so-called Nuclear Suppliers Conference—the original members were the United States, Soviet Union, Great Britain, France, West Germany and Japan—and have been holding closely guarded discussions in London. The United States has been leading the campaign for a global constraints document in the Americas, with its processing equipment is unattainable to selling bomb-capability.

Concern is not limited to governments. Literally hundreds of scientists around the world have denounced the expansion of the nuclear club. In France, physicist and UN Security Council Chairman for Nuclear Responsibility, seek to stimulate the debate. Canadian crusader Ralph Nader is increasingly turned his attention to the proliferation of nuclear energy, and tech present conflicts in Brazil economic warfare and Lord Caledonia have dashed doomsday scenarios of the slide into global modernization nightmare. Leaving the women, who have failed in the 1980s to ban the bomb, would now at least like to curb it. It is their unspoken belief in Murphy's Law: "If something can go wrong, it will." It is a chilling prospect to consider

WYMAN LOWMYER

Agriculture

Feed the world's starving millions? We may not be able to feed our own

Uncontestedly, modern man prefers to disregard danger signals—an increasing risk to his very survival. It took the severe shortages that followed the Arab oil embargo to prompt serious consideration of energy conservation. The shivers of the scientific community over the nuclear energy issue. Science, page 32) still go largely ignored. So do the dire consequences of a global food crisis. Canada, a first-class nation, more of the chief of foodstuffs, particularly in agriculture, which has been able to secure prime land every day to industry, housing or speculation.

With a spectacular grain harvest on the Prairies and other bumper crops being gathered in by our farmers this year, Canada may seem remote from any "crisis" in agriculture. But now there are only five countries exporting more food than they import (Canada, the United States, Argentina, South Africa and Australia), and suddenly the question has become how much longer Canada can stay among the favored few. In a report last month, the Science Council of Canada warned that the country will not be able to meet the food requirements for the predicted national population of 35 million in the year 2000 unless it finds its way. The report called for a dramatic increase in research and development to correct enormous weaknesses of the country's agricultural potential. "We have not yet taken seriously the problem of securing our own food supply, much less protecting our position as an important exporter of food," the report declared.

The facts seem to back up the Science Council's contention. Most of Canada is desert, rock or forest—all swept by winter winds—and of this remainder only a small percentage is suitable for agriculture. Climate's cold gutters have combined to give Canada an arable land acreage equivalent to that of France—and France is a net importer of food. Canada cannot rely on its prime lands to feed its growing population. Excellent for agriculture and capable of high yield. Most of this so-called prime land is in western Ontario and it's threatened by forest fires. Yet there are the very same areas being consumed by urban sprawl. If or when there is an industrial boom on development of prime farmland has been in effect. Both farmers and developers are now persuaded a special commission that proposed land-use changes is necessary. So far, Premier B. B. Bennett's Social Credit government has not moved to reverse the law.

Although 170 million acres are now in agricultural use in Canada (more 75% of

the total land area of the country), not much more—60 million acres at most—is available for future cultivation. The irony is that the very best farmland is disappearing acre by acre—and because—the country is gaining population. Between 1960 and 1971 Canadian cities 10% of the improved farmland in southern Ontario, was taken out of production. Not surprisingly, Ontario's own meat export beef, pork, poultry and dairy products which were supplied by the province's own farms in 1962. Agriculture Canada estimates that



land equivalent to 250,000 acres is taken out of production somewhere in Canada every day. Moreover, the prospect of Canadian farmers making better use of land laid a nationwide campaign. Although agricultural technology makes tremendous strides during the past century—increasing yield per acre fivefold while cutting the number of farm workers per acre in half—further major advances are now thought unlikely. Agriculture in Canada is far beyond its business and business seems to be good. Low year was spectacularly good, with total crop receipts almost triple their level in the late 1960s and early 1970s. Agriculture Canada projects crop receipts in 1976 will be about 8% below the \$4.7 billion level of 1975. In certain sectors, though, yields are up this year. Rotations are in abundant supply, up 10% over 1975. The Prairie grain crop again to meet food, thanks to revised good

weather throughout the growing season. The 1976 U.S. grain crop is also above average. These supplies for our growing domestic needs in North America, but even where new worldwide consumption. The problem is that the people most needing North American food can least afford to pay for it. Selling grains to feed poorer African and Asian countries at cost-price prices is not considered to be economically productive. So is going it easy. Writing in the current issue of *Science*, American, Sterling Munnick, president of the International Agriculture Development Service, predicts "larger harvests in the near future, raising production countries, notably the United States, Canada and Australia, are not the solution to the problem of food and hunger in the world today. To continue to displace food or food crops to governments that neglect their own rural areas is counter-productive. It simply allows governments to put off the decisions and complexities that of helping their own people to help themselves."

While the Science Council seemed to feel Canada could do itself no harm by this year 2000, provided it adopted a national land-use policy, the fact that Canada's population will be growing fast will have a major impact on the country. In a British journal, Professor Alec Cairns of the University of London says some expert outlooks by the various countries would have "a disastrous inflationary effect" on world food prices. New Orleans, the author of a federal urban affairs ministry paper called *Canada: Settlement and Environmental Planning*, as pressed doubts that Canada will be able to feed 35 million citizens by 2000. "The Science Council's study of 25 million people is a preferred population by that year because there will be 35 million people in Canada based on current trends."

Because of Canada's potential crop production, which tend to keep growing down, those who urge land use reforms need to find it difficult to gain a hearing. But with the first freeze and agitation in Ontario's Niagara that left over a proposed acquisition of 1400 acres of Canada's best farmland for urban development, a case reversal may be under way. For the moment, though, Ontario is leaving land-use decisions in the hands of local governments which, says H. H. general manager of the Ontario Federation of Agriculture, can't stand up against the pressure of local developers who helped them get elected, or farmers who seek to sell their land and retire." **TERENCE DECKERSON**

last began appearing separately in the last Canadian edition in Toronto. They would have been included in the same position paper, receive a similar document from the opposition and receive their respective comments in mail for the next month," says a member of the bargaining committee. Carolyn James "It's all very cordial, very civilized, and a total waste of time." Even those discussions ceased in mid-August, when Hebe announced no strike was being made. No fewer than 21 items remained unresolved.

Wages were not in serious dispute. An increase—a maximum \$338 a week for union reporters—are comparable to those paid at other major newspapers. But hours of work and grievance procedures were major points of contention.

If management and union could agree on little else, they concurred on the key issue: union security. Says a general manager, John Daugherty, "I'm not prepared to sign any agreement that forces employees to join the union." The guild on the other hand, says it simply wants all new employees to pay dues. Whether they join the union or not.

The guild has offered to submit the dispute to their leading arbitrator or final-offer selection, a procedure by which each side makes a full proposal and an arbitrator chooses one or the other is used. On Hebe's side it is more that, although many of the newspapers have union and union co-operation in favor of these arbitrators, it is better methods of resolving labor disputes, or refuse to consider either. Management is frustrated, instead, that its latest offer be not in a vote of all employees. The guild refused.

Much of the mutual suspicion arises from the guild's attempts to wrest control from the union in 1956, when the company purchased a rough and ultimately "successful" union-busting campaign. Then, some employees were fired, others were transferred suddenly to distant bureaus or assigned to work without shifts.

Could operations conclude that there has been no open pressure on activists since then? But there were fears that the sluggish pace of negotiations was a prelude to a de-unionization attempt by management. These fears were intensified by the fact that de-unionization, while unlikely because possible, under a federal labor law on September 17. A series of relatively harmless rotating strikes and slowdowns was held by the union in July. But, says chief guild negotiator Jerry MacKewill, "That was just a small show of strength. It wasn't our Sunday punch. We're having trouble holding some of our numbers back, especially in the more militant bureaus like Montreal and Ottawa. We're not advocating an all-out war, we want to negotiate a contract." Says general manager Daugherty, "We're in the hands of the guild. We've made what we think is a fair proposal."

WILLIAM DAMPIER

Travel

The Inns of the fiscal happiness

As a time when many nations around the world are trying to bring down reduced occupancy rates and increasing costs in the industry, a no-longer small Canadian firm appears to be bucking the trend.

Founded in 1958, the firm, Toronto-based Four Seasons Hotel Ltd., which began operations 15 years ago with a small number of hotels, is now expanding its operations to expand and to profit. Indeed, the company has become one of the world's most profitable independent hotel chains, with earliest opening or under development in San Francisco, London, Paris and Rome, as well as such Canadian cities as Montreal, Edmonton, Calgary, Vancouver and Belleville. The expansion has been rapid and shows no sign of flagging. "Our five-year plan calls for developments in Denver, Houston, Washington, D.C., and Seattle," says Frank Greenstein, 31, vice-president in charge of corporate development. "And we're also looking at Ottawa."

Although the recession has been sharply into the hotel industry's profits, the chain operators have been able to withstand the pressures better than the independent. Aside from the obvious advantage of being able to book ongoing guests into out-of-town cities, the chain offers consistency. A diverse market travelers appear to prefer about as highly as economy when it comes to choosing a hotel in a strange town. Four Seasons General (Mr. My Gwynn) Hinton showed the way. Heaters, however, understood that the key to the firm's success—and profitability—was not so much expansion as family unity. The most important family has been, for example, good so far as key advertising to a "no-compromise" theme. And consistently, at a price, seems to be the reason for the Four Seasons' success. In 1981, the company posted \$15.5 million in revenues of \$29.2 million (not consolidated assets rose to \$63 million).

The driving force behind the Four Seasons Motor Hotel, which began in 1958, was an initial success of opening good food and a comfortable, convenient pool as well as rooms. The group was on its way. Among today's properties are the luxurious Hotel Park in Toronto, Montreal's Le Quatre Seasons, and



Sharp: a profit as big as the firm

San Francisco's Cliff Hotel (prebought and going concern) which Four Seasons recently acquired as one of the world's eight great small hotels.

Recently, the firm has made mistakes. A proposed outlet near Atlanta never got off the ground. The company may have to sell it in Rome because of the shaky economy in Italy. A 400-room hotel planned for Paris has been scaled for two years, leaving the company skeptical about further European expansion. Says Greenstein, "What we're doing now is concentrating on the U.S. and Canada in particular." Even so, he says, there's no problem. Sharp & Co. recently sold their 49% interest in Toronto's massive Four Seasons Sheraton Hotel—the deal involved \$15.5 million—to Sheraton Hotels Ltd. of Montreal.

To Sharp, the secret of his group is the fact that it took "small but classy" houses. And he says he is proud that a Canadian hotel chain is doing well internationally. "I suppose we represent what Canadians do, and how they do it. In a way, it gives our company a boost upon the standards of our society."

MANUEL BERT



CBC Television at its best

KING OF KENSINGTON



the fifth estate



BARNEY MILLER



THE NATIONAL



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Justice

Class actions: hell hath no fury like a bunch of angry consumers

Canada's auto companies must not rest on their laurels when they think they've won. In 1988 when Phil Edmonstone's mother-in-law became angry. She had taken her 1986 Valiant in for repairs and received an estimate of \$150. When she returned with her son-in-law to pick up the car the bill was \$250. Most people would have grumbled and paid the bill, and the garage hunkered down to the original estimate. "What I saw then," says Edmonstone now, "I thought that if only we could harness my mother-in-law's rage, we could really do something." Inspired, Edmonstone launched the Automobile Proprietary Association (APA) to harness the post-up grievance of car owners. Working out of a basement office in Montreal, the APA has since grown to become a major player in the auto industry. Edmonstone's organization uses a variety of legal and promotional techniques to fight the auto companies, but its intent—and potentially most effective—weapon is the "class action." A lawsuit on behalf of all members of a "class" of consumers (for example, all owners of Cadillacs) by one self-appointed representative. Already, the APA has started a five-million-dollar class action against General Motors on behalf of owners of the Pontiac, an allegedly defective car no longer in use, insured, licensed, and several class-action suits pending \$420 million against Ford on behalf of owners of cars allegedly sold prematurely. The rules of the class action are simple: a single consumer either may sue his/her car may not be able to afford to sue a major corporation, but a group of consumers might

Class actions are not new. They date back to 17th-century England, when they were employed by real litigants with grievances against their lords. But the procedure was adopted out of consideration for administrative efficiency, to prevent the courts from being assailed with individual suits against a single defendant. It was only later that they were viewed as vehicles of justice for people with small claims against large vested interests. In recent years, the number of class actions has increased rapidly, especially in the United States. There, a decade ago, the rise of the Ralph Nader-inspired consumer movement coincided with liberalization of court rules governing the procedures for class actions. The result was an outpouring of them, ranging from the frivolous, as in the case where a Philadelphia Eagles fan sued on behalf of all season-ticket subscribers for a refund because the football team played so badly, to the deadly serious, such as the case where various states and municipalities successfully sued drug-manufacturers for \$100 million on grounds of price-fixing.

The rules governing class actions in Canada are much stricter than in the United States. Quebec allows them. In other provinces, the members of the "class" must be shown to have the "same interest" before a suit may proceed. The courts have defined this restrictive narrowly. Thus, a class action against the Hydro and Power Authority on behalf of its customers was allowed, but one on behalf of members of a Jehovah's Witnesses

sect in Ontario was thrown out on the grounds that their similar spiritual interests did not qualify them as a "class."

Edmonstone—a 32-year-old former U.S. paratrooper who married a French-Canadian girl—and the APA are pushing the law to its limits with their class action against the auto companies. Says Edmonstone: "We expect to have a lot of difficulty. But we're going to have to get our case looked by the judges before the governments will do anything to make it easier to undertake a class action in Canada." The government has been giving Edmonstone support. Consumer Affairs Minister Bruce MacKay recently announced a grant of \$30,000 to the APA to help defray legal costs. A similar amount is expected to go to the Consumers Association of Canada, which has threatened a class action against Time magazine on behalf of subscribers a post because its price was raised without notice.

Consideration is also being given to legislation that would lower some restrictions on class actions. A government study by Ned Williams, a York University law professor, recommends a provision for class actions under national legislation so that, for example, victims of a plane-filing cartel may sue collectively the two room-mates that the plaintiffs had to be held liable for legal costs of the defendants even if they lose their suit. Such potential liability is considered a major deterrent to class action. Some of Williams' recommendations have been incorporated in draft form in a bill to be presented to parliament this fall, if a majority-fall approval from the cabinet.

But governments seem convinced of the desirability of class actions, not only as a vehicle for redressing consumer grievances but also as a regulator of the marketplace. Knowing he faces a potential damage suit for millions of dollars, a businessman may think twice before entering a price-fixing agreement. But whether the cabinet will push class actions on an already hostile business community remains to be seen. Big business is universally suspicious of them. It argues, with some justification, that class actions can be launched either simply to embarrass companies, without any real expectation of winning. Such aggressive publicity catches Ford, for example, has dropped the rear from its traditional second-place slot in car sales in Canada to third, behind General Motors and Chrysler. The company attributes at least part of the decline to bad publicity arising from the class-action suit over its allegedly malfunctioning cars.

LAST PAGE 14/10



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In Touch with Tomorrow



Edmonstone and a Ford proving again there's strength in numbers

Art

A prophet finally honored in his own land

It's the lot of most Canadian artists to enjoy a measure of national celebrity, but to be little known outside this country. For Jack Bush, whose retrospective opens in Toronto at the Art Gallery of Ontario this month, it has been just the opposite: over the past dozen years his reputation as a painter has grown internationally, but this retrospective marks the first time Canadians have had the chance to celebrate his achievements as a major fashion.

In Bush's case, the cause for celebration is twofold. He is not only a color abstractionist of major distinction, but he holds a position of some symbolic importance—he is *The Canadian Who Made It*. Without leaving his artistic base from Toronto, where he was born in 1909 and has lived since 1935, Bush has shown his paintings regularly in some of the finer galleries on the international art scene. (At the same time he was raising a family and building a career in a commercial art director's office; he retired from commercial art in 1968.) Since 1964 he has had half again as many one-man exhibitions in New York and London as he has in Toronto and Montreal. He is the only home-based Canadian painter ever to make a major contribution to the international art of his time, and he is recognized. His paintings now sell regularly everywhere, in the \$3,000 to \$10,000 range, making him one of the very best buys on the international art scene. "In 1968 my paintings started to sell," says



Bush, a genial, grandfatherly man with a man's sense of irony: "I'm in New York, then in London—and a lot in Canada, which is the usual habit of Canadians."

In an chosen area of color-field abstraction, Bush now has only two peers, both American—Kenneth Noland and Jules Olshin—and Bush's painting is not only uniquely his own but visually different from theirs.

For some years, formalist abstract painting has appeared to have reached its logical conclusion. It is not a "dead end," because Noland and Olshin (and Canada's Claude Michener) continue to work at the height of their powers. But the question is, "After them, what?" The enterprise seems to have reached the final formal solution: a thin veil of color and geometrically ornamented canvases. During that same period, the early Severities, increasing international note has been taken of Bush's painting, not only as an individual achievement of high order but as an alternative direction, a "way out" for formalist abstraction. Following his own inclination, Bush has brought back to each painting some of the expressive vocabu-

Bush and two of his most celebrated paintings. Bush, "Red great expressive leap of color that has been to Noland, Arp, Mondrian, and Hans Thoma. Bush, "A dancing light of adventurous color-forms across a rhythmic canvas ground... a realization of 'Mellow'."



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- WOMEN'S PAIN, SEPTEMBER 20, 1996 • 1515

mental novel of a young man maturing in Baghdad. There are obvious parallels to the author, Naem Kattan, who was born and brought up in Baghdad, attended identical schools and received an identical French education before emigrating to Canada via Paris in 1954. At 40, Kattan is now *Le Devoir's* literary critic as well as head of the Canada Council's Writing and Publication section.

But getting through this book is as rewarding as trying to read the fine print on a suitcase. The language alone is prickly enough to scrape this tale off non-lecturing readers ("Wasserman: stuffed from table to table sitting cross of joy at rage according to the look of the candle"), but there are additional thorns: the author's curious space-problems. In this How Book (how I got published how I got back how I got out of the Beloved Country etc.) whatever doesn't serve the book's advancement goes short (short: World War II, when Iraq was Iraq country and Hitler her Messiah—serves our boy as welcome "diversion" from the tedium of my nearest muscled down) and, coupled with a program deserves only 11 pages. Four old Babylonians give 53 lines; moderns more with existential prose-bench (30), then the Hanging Gardens (five).

The implications of the Middle East's tragic wealth of religions and tribes somehow end up as an archaic collection of studies exchanged by adolescent Youthful Muslims, pertaining to French literature, politics, freckles, etc. as biblically iconized as to make that rise at each step of the student's pilgrimage, until he is finally returned from his school and time by his scholarship to Paris, thus the oblique ends. People don't fire with ether, male friends here people mother they're assumed of read the wrong books. Women are numbered without their, their work "gender" can become squared into mission paths. Although the dirty-lit chapters began on lofty heights ("we would spend our lives in a solution of beautiful and loving women and the immensity of a symphony might as well be whose delight would remain forever"), it takes many many pages before the author permits his virgin heart's disengagement. While at school the hero sets his name alone, his first published piece and is introduced with "the power of my signature." A power, in this case, that runs different from strength in many differs from pride in the ability to be published often from the ability to write. **LESLIE FORDEN**

Summer doldrums

ENCHANTED SUMMER by Catherine Ray (McClelland and Stewart, \$7.95)

Like Canada gone wrong, what a long winter. Canadian women novelist have been looking to the country in search of their roots. In *The Distant Margins* Laurence M. Mowbray writes for solitary (a) an account by caber. Newsworld's press got on



Ray's artists are the strongest people

Supremely ambiguous rebels in northern Quebec. Ray's Lee enjoys more than a passing flirtation with a bear in their French-Canadian. Catherine Ray—referred to as the most widely read French-Canadian writer in English Canada—now reveals the left with *Enchanted Summer*, a country story of her own. But a bear is not the least of her troubled self-searching. This was her last published work, a first deep-dive. Ray knew books in her childhood.

Enchanted Summer is a stream of country fiction, part elegy, part plea. "I made a work," she writes in the first chapter. "I wanted that the children of their age would never be of listening to us in planet Earth. Even though in our day we receive news from the moon." Quietly anti-technological, *Enchanted Summer* is composed of what Ray—our best perhaps too intently to planet Earth—is privileged to hear. The book is all search and no plot. Basically it is a history, a call of animals found in rural Quebec—all of them being a mix of light and darkness. All of them, in short like the most boring kind of people, and all blessed with the power of speech in a familiar way. There is Monsieur Tancré, the hoodlum who speaks in songs and is an inventor of cows, sheep, pigs and birds. Unfortunately, their message to moderns is not understood and eliminated by technology—as Ray would have it—words playing and that the children whose domestic problems and nervous breakdowns turn into large chunks of the book, and that this

epiphany. "All are not happy in the same manner. One day six and the next day another... some never plus." If the book appears to have read Kahlil Gibran, Ray whose permanent presence for telling novels from across holds the book together, often also sounds as true. Phrasing is wild, always and the observers. "For so with him, he brings where you apply yourself to them in time and poetry, we obtained something certain."

Ray's writing almost disarms in a technical statement and subverts. The religious side of *Enchanted Summer* more successful. With a police ban of Paris, the narrative at times opens up to reveal memories of significant events. Tancré, an aging dog, recalls for the author the memory of Cécile Maréchal, whose last wish was to see the river again before she died. The memory of Yolande, a late schoolgirl who dies of tuberculosis, is used to the extent of the small of a few pages. In the context of Ray's past, both books are seen as part of a larger and are brought within the scope of a larger understanding. But the book is a whole is not so much a departure for Ray in a passing concept. Her previous works are memorable for their social scene. Their story inevitably suggested that the country—no matter how present and beautiful—is no refuge for those threatened by urban life. But in *Enchanted Summer* again change Ray is a totally compelling embrace. The whole of her new book is one sentimental work that she directed to Alexandre in *The Center and Madame*. *Quand on s'en va* (the flow might work for her, she is well intelligent, is not so much as to some women. Ray's *Summer* is bound to seem more endearing to her than to her readers. **ANITA HARRIS**

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

- 1 *Twelve And The Cat, Shaw* (1)
- 2 *The Lonely Lady, Almond* (2)
- 3 *Lady Chival, Almond*
- 4 *Trilogy, Lulu* (1)
- 5 *Golden, Burt* (3)
- 6 *The Golden Gate, Maclean* (4)
- 7 *Apex In Place, Wholens* (4)
- 8 *The Deep, Brontë* (16)
- 9 *Twelve Twelve Little Sps., Douglas* (1)
- 10 *Crowded House, Tyson*

NOTE: 10 *Between Friends, The Most Famous Film Board of Canada* (1)
 2 *A New Colored Intrepid, Stevenson* (2)
 3 *The First Steps, Woodward & Burnside* (4)
 4 *Resumes, Sherry* (7)
 5 *The Canadian Connection, Chisholm* (1)
 6 *The Canadian Establishment, Almond* (2)
 7 *Gardner, Kennedy* (K)
 8 *The Secret Of His, Brontë* (16)
 9 *Show Me, Fitch/Haver/Vest*
 10 *The Restless, Smith*

(1) From Montreal
 (2) From Toronto
 (3) From Vancouver
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